

THE GEOGRAPHIC

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THE FIRST PRISONER OF WAR—AN ARAB WOUNDED AND CAPTURED DURING THE RECONNAISSANCE IN FORCE, AUGUST 5



BRINGING HOME THE BODY OF LIEUTENANT H. G. I. HOWARD-VYSE, OF THE 60TH RIFLES, KILLED DURING THE RECONNAISSANCE IN FORCE, AUGUST 5

THE WAR IN EGYPT
FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. F. VILLIERS

Topics of the Week

MODERN DREAD OF WAR.—Modern statesmanship, especially in international affairs, is wont to talk much but to do little. The real reason for this behaviour is that the nations of Europe, in spite of vast armaments which might appear to indicate warlike tendencies, have a nervous horror of war. It is not merely that modern war is enormously expensive, for then it would be only a question of pocket. It is that people object more strongly perhaps than ever they did before to run the risk of being killed or grievously mangled for some cause in which they are personally only slightly interested. Our ancestors would have called this condition of mind by the blunt name of cowardice, and perhaps they would be right, for, after all, what is cowardice but a very keen care for one's personal well-being? At all events, one thing is indisputable. This mental attitude, whether we call it prudence or cowardice, has far more influence in a country where the soldiers are obtained by conscription than where they are obtained by volunteering. In a "conscriptive" country every healthy young man is liable to draw "a bad number," and every such conscript has friends interested in his welfare. Hence the widespread alarm and anxiety created by the prospect of war. On the other hand, a volunteer army is necessarily drawn from the more reckless and dare-devil part of the community, and, even if war does break out, civilians are consoled with the belief that for themselves it is only an affair of pocket, and that if more recruits are needed there are plenty more young fellows of the reckless type to offer themselves. These reflections may in some degree serve to explain the attitude of France and England respectively during the recent crisis, though, of course, we do not forget that only twelve years ago France went through a terrible ordeal of slaughter, invasion, and defeat, and that she still nervously dreads complications which might bring her into collision with her former foe. And it is but fair also to bear in mind that the zest with which our countrymen have gone into the present fray does not indicate any very high standard of courage. Judging by the number of men killed and wounded on either side hitherto, the Egyptians are very unequal adversaries. Just now there is among us rather a tendency to brag, and therefore it is well to recal the fact that since the Crimean War we have only fought once with men of European origin, and then the result was—Majuba Hill.

THE SUEZ CANAL.—The most obvious lesson, however, which is to be learnt from the modern disinclination to exchange blows with one's equals is this. A little boldness nowadays goes a very long way. The Conference, with its delays and hesitations, seems as far off as if it had been held in the days of the Pharaohs. It may come to life again, but for the present it is dead and buried. Not long ago, too, the question of Turkish intervention loomed very large. An uneasy feeling prevailed that some big personage behind Abdul Hamid was pulling the strings. Possibly it was so. Anyhow, while other countries talked, England acted. This vigorous action (would to Heaven the Irish policy of the Government could be leavened with it!) has already produced results which a few weeks ago would have been thought marvellous. We have landed a respectable force in Alexandria, unhampered by any alliances, and we have actually seized the Suez Canal! This is a feat to be proud of; not because of the feeble resistance offered by Arabi and his so-called "rebels," but because Europe has accepted the occupation so complacently. Poor M. de Lesseps squeaked, as was perhaps only natural, but even he seems to have been soothed into contentment by Sir Garnet's persuasive tongue. It is just possible, however, that the Canal Company may prefer some legal claim against us, on the ground of our being shareholders. If some of the shareholders in the London and North-Western were to take possession of the line between Euston and Rugby, and stop all the regular traffic for a couple of days while they amused themselves and their private friends by running picnic trains to and fro, it may be presumed that an action for damages would lie against these enterprising ladies and gentlemen, and there certainly seems some analogy between the two cases. To return, however, to the main point. Why is Europe complacent? Because Europe well knows, in spite of all the talk about "perfidious Albion," that in such an affair as this England can be trusted to do that which is just and honest. No nation knows this better than the French and the Spaniards and the Dutch, to all of whom, although in a lesser degree, the Canal has become as much a necessity as it is to ourselves. To sum up, Europe sees plainly that, in our endeavour to crush Arabi, we are trying to make Egypt once more fit for the enterprise, not of England only, but of the whole civilised world. And although we do not profess, like some sentimental peoples, to go to war for an idea, we are performing this international service at our own cost.

PAYMENT OF MEMBERS OF PARLIAMENT.—The most important point in the new Irish programme announced by Mr. Parnell is that which concerns the payment of members. The Land League Bank being organised for the payment of evicted tenants, it cannot in justice to subscribers be made

available for the other purpose. No doubt there are salaried officials in connection with the League who happen to be in Parliament, but the fund is not in the first instance collected for their use. Mr. Parnell finds it of the greatest moment, however, to have a fund from which his own contingent shall be supported, and, not seeing his way to it by national subscription, he proposes either that constituencies shall pay their Members, or that Parliament shall attach a salary to each man who is returned. At first sight such an expenditure of national money would seem to involve a heavy drain upon the Exchequer. But a Mr. Ferguson, of Lenzie, an Irish economist, fixed the sum at a Conference. Three pounds a week, he considers, is enough to support a legislator; and it is all that the constituencies or Parliament would be asked to give. The Conference could not, perhaps, have rated the value of its Parliamentary labours too humbly; and three pounds may be said to be a generous weekly allowance for the negative work of obstruction. Otherwise, it is not much; less than half the amount disbursed to French Deputies who really understand the art of cheap living. Confined to Ireland, it is doubtful whether the payment of Members would greatly change the condition of public life in that country. With the suppression of bribery wealthy Members have ceased to be an object of popular desire. It is recognised that more can be got out of a poor Member with a fine pair of lungs and no objection to using them in the noisy industry of patriotism. The same cannot be said for this country, where as yet mere agitation has been obliged to pay its own way, and to remain unrepresented. Nor is it at all desirable that a Parliamentary career should be added to the liberal professions. It is a significant fact that large Debating Societies are now everywhere conducted as if they were Parliaments. The minutest details of the procedure of the House of Commons—even Dr. Playfair's manner—are copied in them, and handbooks giving the contents of the empire and the lives of statesmen are greedily devoured by the debaters. There may be great good in such diffusion of political knowledge; but there may also be much harm if Members were to be paid and the franchise further extended.

THE ABOUKIR RUSE.—The English public is grateful to Sir Garnet Wolseley for introducing a little comedy into the conduct of the Egyptian expedition. In the arrangement of an important campaign it is not often given to a general to succeed in a merry device which has the effect not only of disconcerting the enemy, but of evoking admiration from all spectators. The embarkation of the troops at Alexandria, and the carrying of ironclads and troopships into Aboukir Bay, was undeniably the most excellent fooling. In the annals of practical joking it must stand out as one of the most effective of its kind, for the materials of the hoax—ships, men, money too—were on a sublime scale. The late Mr. Hook, in the most successful of his humorous efforts in that line, never achieved more than the distraction of a domestic circle or a small neighbourhood. A ruse which makes Europe gape has something Olympian in the magnitude of its conception. Nor did it take long to transact; for while the Egyptians were expecting the thunder of English guns at Aboukir and Rosetta, the expedition was safely anchored and landed at Port Said, the Canal was in English hands, and the great water-way to the East cleared for traffic. It is not to be expected, however, that the same success can attend every similar exercise of comic generalship, and it may well be hoped that the incident will not originate a system of transmitting false news from the seat of war. In one of his books Sir Garnet Wolseley remarks that, "without saying so directly, you can lead your army to believe anything; and what is believed by the army will very soon be credited by the enemy, having reached them by means of spies, or through the medium of those newly-invented curses to armies—I mean newspaper correspondents." Again he observes that a general "can, by spreading false news among the gentlemen of the Press, use them as a medium by which to deceive an enemy." There may be no great harm in treating correspondents like a parcel of old cartridges; their professional enthusiasm has doubtless had embarrassing effects before now. It might be remembered, however, that before they appeared on the scene generals had far more bitter, because secret, critics in members of their own staff, whose lucubrations had an amazing habit of reaching the Press. Besides, a lavish dissemination of false news must be of great use to an enemy in rallying his troops, on the ground that reported defeats are only the hoaxes of a humorous Englishman.

IRELAND.—The news this week is of a chequered character. It is satisfactory to note that the insinuations made against the jury in the Hynes case have not prevented subsequent convictions, and there are now two agrarian murderers lying under sentence of death. On the other hand, the disloyal, mutinous, and lawless spirit which prevails both in Dublin and the provinces is very disheartening. The *raison d'être* of the two "functions" of last week, namely, the "National" Exhibition and the unveiling of the O'Connell statue, was hostility to the British connection, while the intimidation and maltreatment of witnesses shows a wide-spread sympathy for crimes which in any well-ordered community would excite universal detestation. Then there have been two murders, or rather batches of murders, in the South and West of more than ordinary atrocity. The butchery of the Joyce family is one of the worst outrages ever committed in a region deeply stained by crimes of this sort, and the slaughter of Leahy is

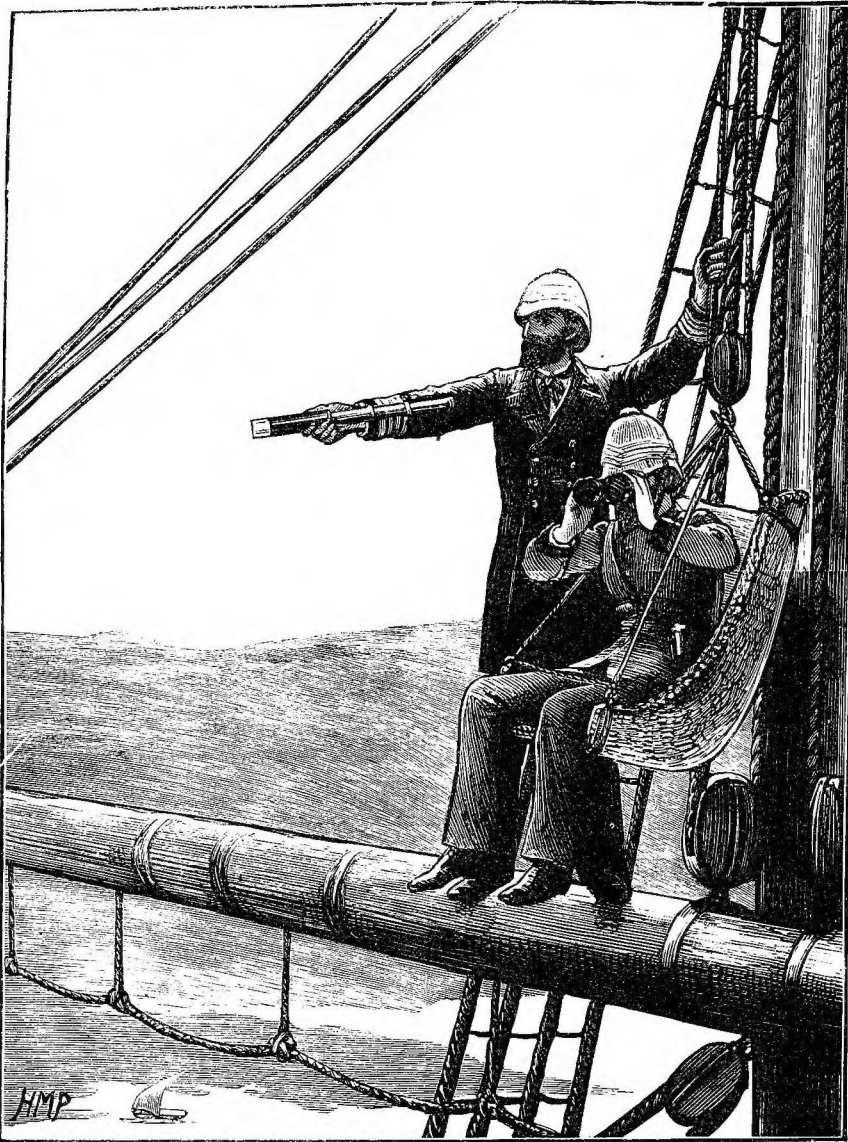
only less dreadful, because fewer lives were taken. It is satisfactory, if true, that the peasantry around Maamtrasna are genuinely indignant at the murder of the Joyces. Such a sentiment is rare as regards agrarian outrages; usually, the sympathy displayed is rather for the murderers than for the murdered. The Roman Catholic Bishops and clergy, too, with a few creditable exceptions, are very feeble in their denunciation of such atrocities. As for the Land Leaguers and their chiefs, if they mention such matters at all, it is to extenuate and apologise for them. Mr. Parnell maintains a significant silence on such subjects, although he is already "on the stump" again. Having done, as he presumes, enough at present for the Irish farmers, he has just begun a crusade for the Irish labourers. Some one will have to pay for improving their condition, and as we may be sure the tenant-farmers will not, and as the landlords are already squeezed dry, we presume that a Session or two hence Mr. Gladstone will put his hand into John Bull's pocket on behalf of the Irish labourer. Now John Bull, we think, will not object to help in any well-considered scheme of emigration, but he will, we trust, refrain from spending money to retain people in places which they had much better quit. Owing to the poor soil, the wet sunless climate, and the want of other industries, the population of many parts of Ireland is absolutely redundant. Even if the bogs were drained, and split up into ten-acre farms (as has been recommended), we should only be hatching a fresh brood of more or less miserable cottiers.

COOKS.—French cooks seem at last to have arrived at a true sense of their importance in the brotherhood of Art. They have founded a Universal Union at Paris, and at their last meeting their president claimed for them a distinguished roll of writers and poets. That Europe may recognise their claims, a kind of Salon is shortly to be opened, and the products of their skill will be laid before the public. It is the misfortune of the cooks that the medium in which they work is so perishable. They cannot hope to compete with sculptors or painters; addressed to the palate, their greatest masterpiece has as temporary a significance as a piece of character-acting. But, as Baron Brisse with incomparable point and brevity has shown, cooks can produce 366 works of art in the course of a year, each one differing from its neighbours, all of them ministering to a sense which is capable of a high and varied kind of enjoyment. In regard to variety of resource they are as well off as photographers. If French cooks have not attained such a mastery of song as their president claims for them, they have at least been the cause of admirable prose in others. From Rabelais to Dumas it is doubtful if French prose ever touches a higher point than in the description of feasts. In England we are neither as well off for literary cooks or for cooks who could claim to exhibit at a Salon. Mrs. Glasse is brisk and humorous, and established, once for all, an important point in the cooking of a hare. Dr. Kitchener, who thought life was intolerable but for its meals, and who fed himself with genius, was profound for his century. But the School of English Cookery, when it does not depend upon imported artists, relies too much upon sanguinary solids to admit of a successful exhibition. A Universal Union may do a great deal, not only in distributing a knowledge of the masterpieces of the French *menu*, but also of those homely principles of the stock-pot which make the standard of comfort among the French poor greatly higher than it is in England.

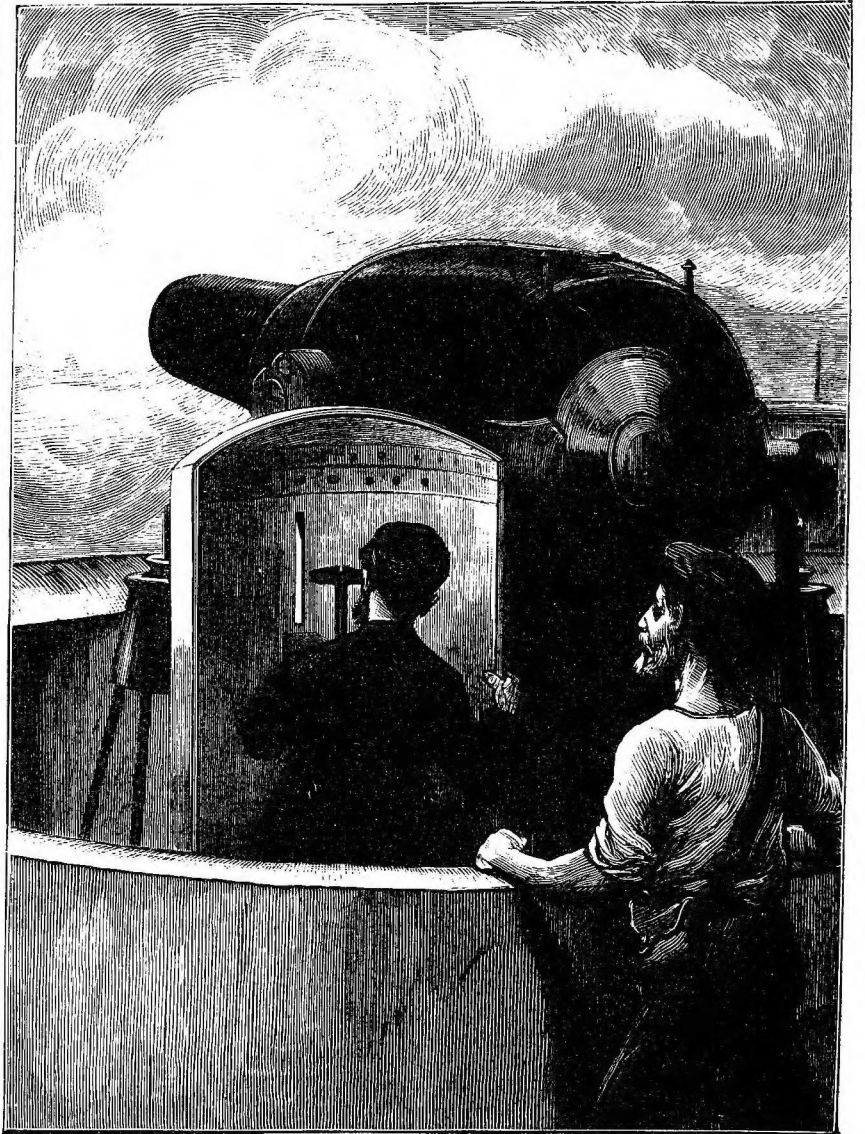
THE LOSS OF THE "EIRA."—The gallant crew of the *Eira* have been more fortunate than the American explorers on board the *Jeannette*. In both cases the vessels were lost; but while the *Jeannette's* people suffered terrible hardships, and several of them perished, those of the *Eira* bore their long exile at Cape Flora with wonderfully little injury. Only one man was brought back to Aberdeen seriously ill, and he was suffering from a chronic malady before leaving home. But the condition of the *Eira's* crew appears still more striking when compared, not with the history of another shipwrecked vessel, but with that of our last official Arctic expedition, when the *Alert* and the *Resolute* wintered within less than ten degrees of the Pole, and when long and fatiguing sledge journeys were made over the ice. Much suffering was endured on that expedition from scurvy, in spite of all the appliances provided by the Admiralty. On the contrary, the people of the *Eira*, although they had no limejuice, showed no symptoms of scurvy, and looked rosy-faced at the end of the long dark winter. The medical officer attributes this immunity to the fact of their living on the "meat of the country," bears, walrus, and seabirds; but may it not also be due to the fact that in their hut, built of stones and turf, they got unintentionally more fresh air than the denizens of the *Alert* and the *Resolute* in their carefully-warmed cabins? It is well known that the natives of the north-eastern extremity of Siberia, where the winter is as severe as anywhere in the world, sleep out of doors with impunity during the coldest weather. The impression which we wish to convey is that the close confinement on board ship during the winter may have enfeebled the men of Captain Nares' expedition, and made them an easy prey to scurvy when the hardships and fatigues of sledging began in the spring.

JOHN BUNYAN.—One by one, the old opinions about Bunyan are changing. The more his life is investigated in Bedfordshire, the more it would appear that he has been deeply misunderstood. Bunyan had himself to blame for

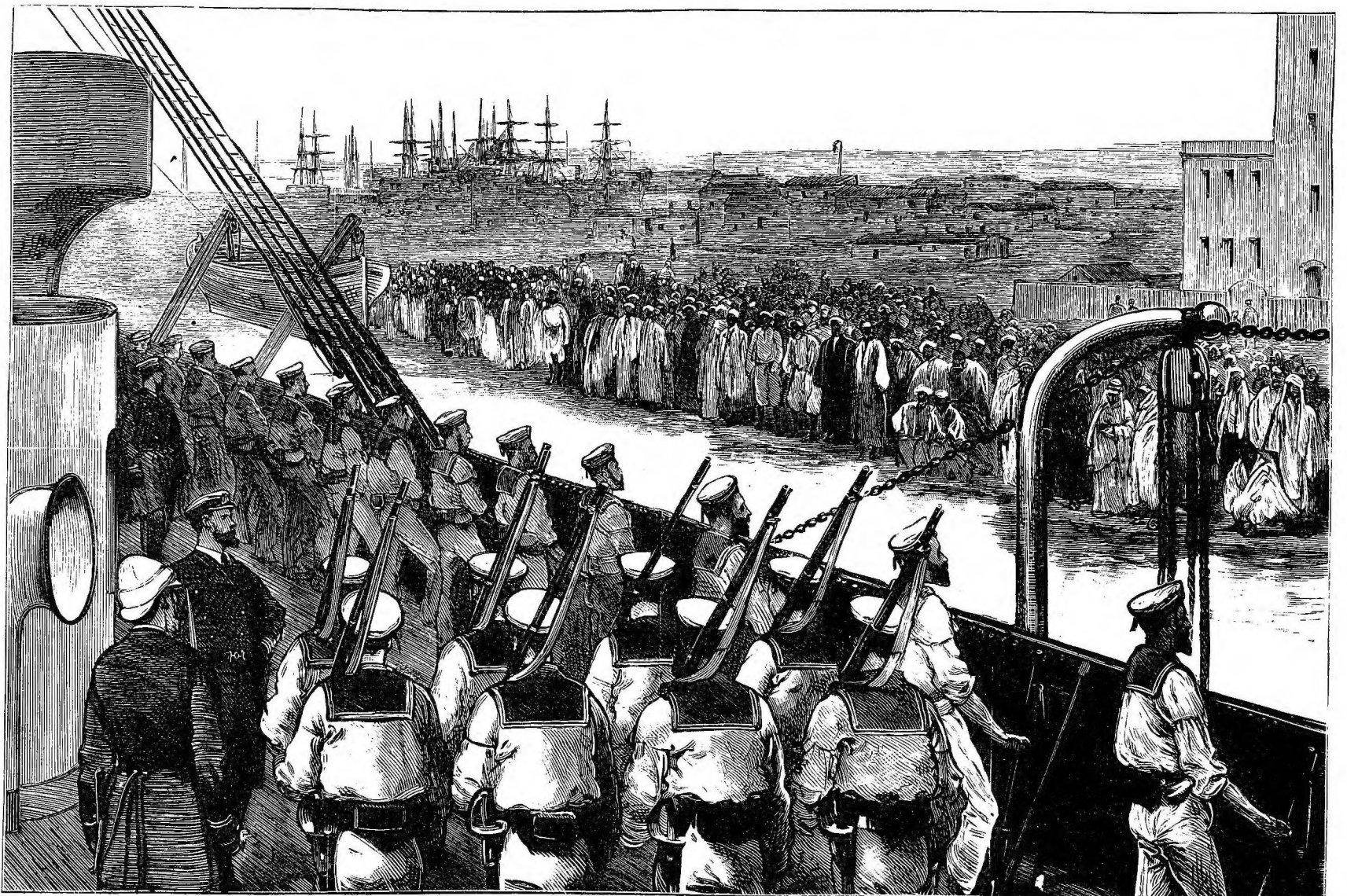
15, RUE BLEUE, PARIS.



ON BOARD H.M.S. "CARYSFORT" IN THE SUEZ CANAL—CAPT. H. F. STEPHENSON, C.B., AND LIEUT. COL. JONES, R.E., RECONNOITRING THE EGYPTIAN CAMP AT NEFICHE
From a Sketch by a Naval Officer



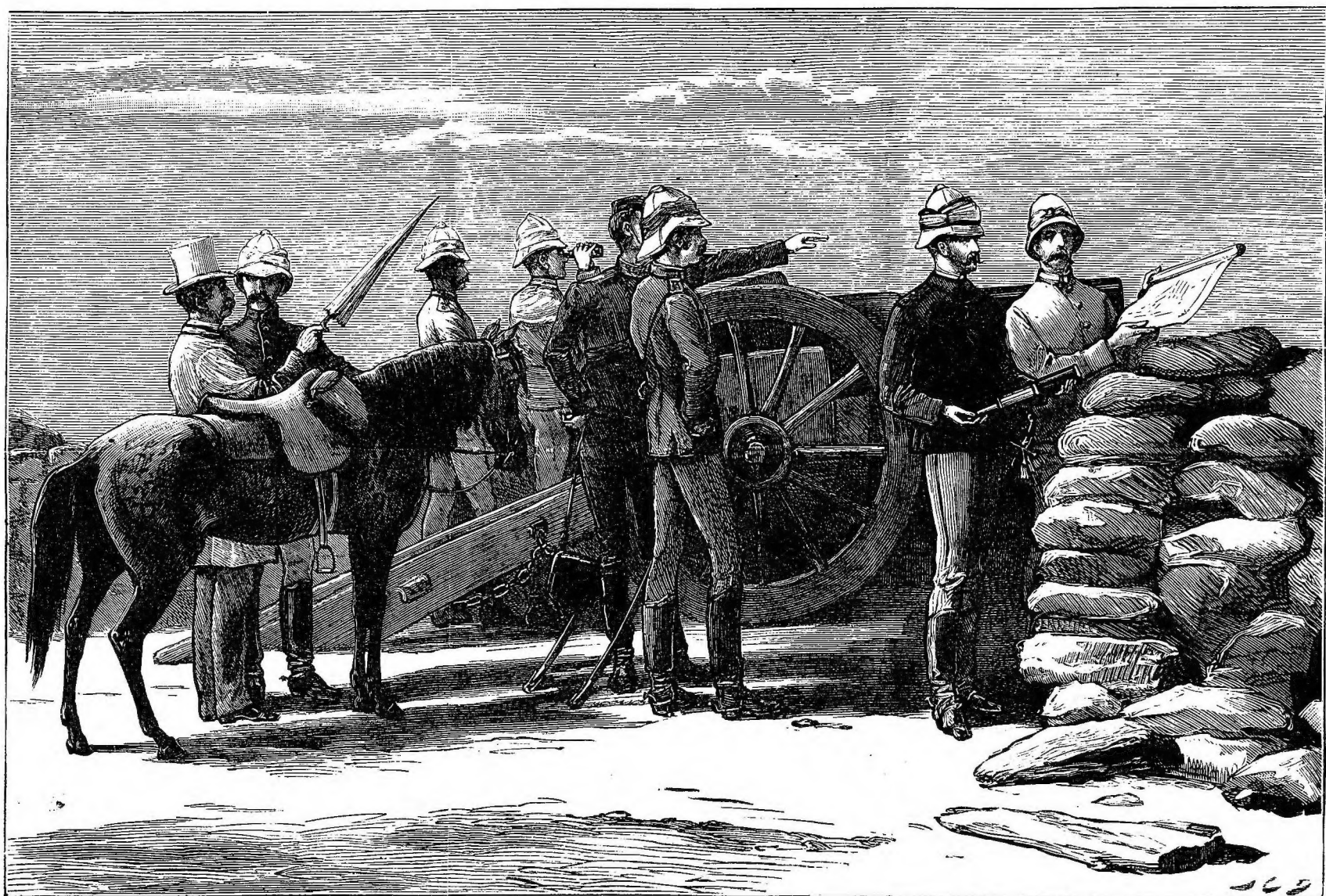
A SHOT FROM THE "TÉMÉRAIRE"
From a Sketch by Our Special Artist, Mr. F. Villiers



ARABS AT PORT SAID WATCHING BLUE JACKETS AT COMPANY DRILL ON BOARD H.M.S. "MONARCH"
From a Sketch by a Naval Officer

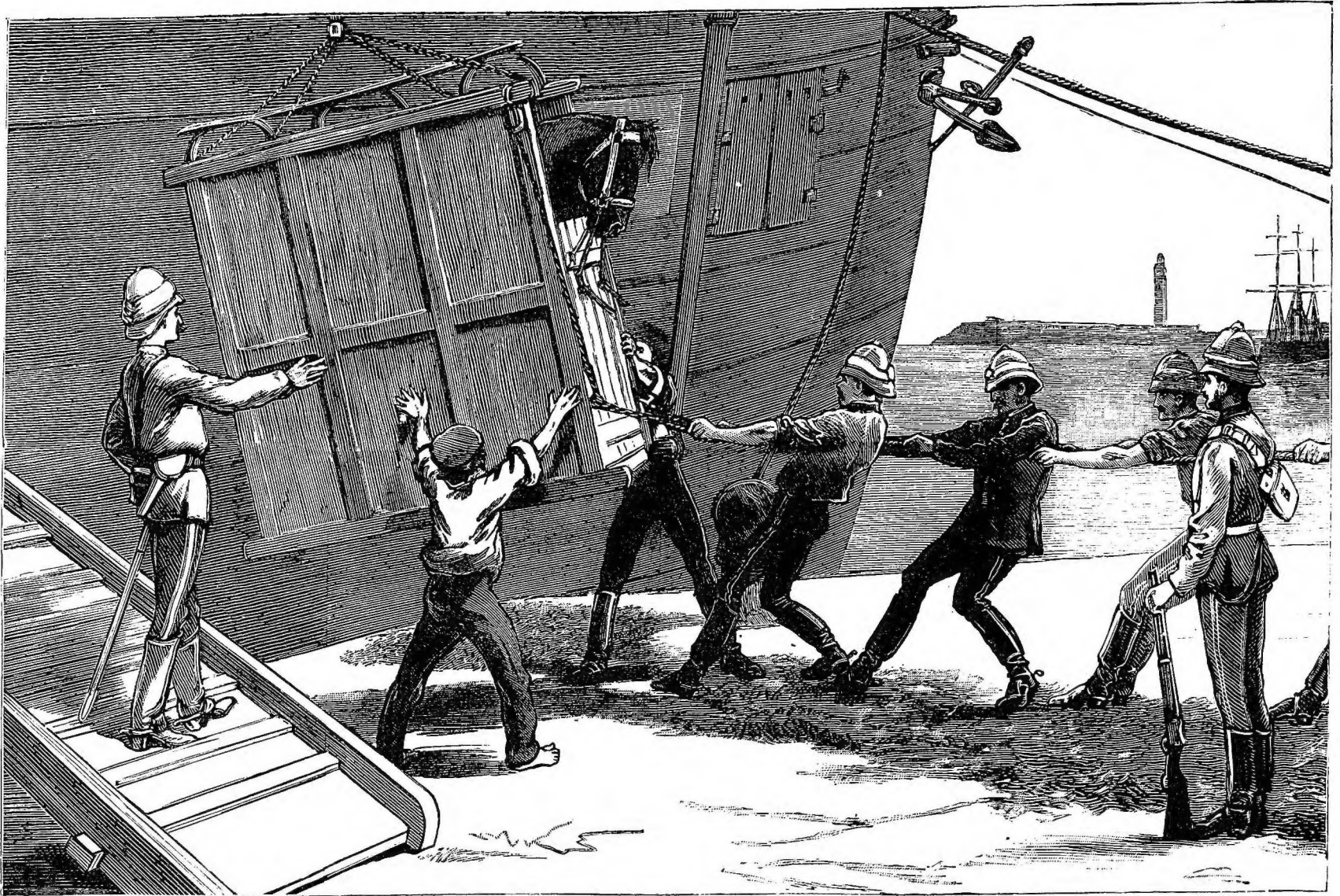


A COUNCIL OF WAR ON BOARD H.M.S. "HELICON"

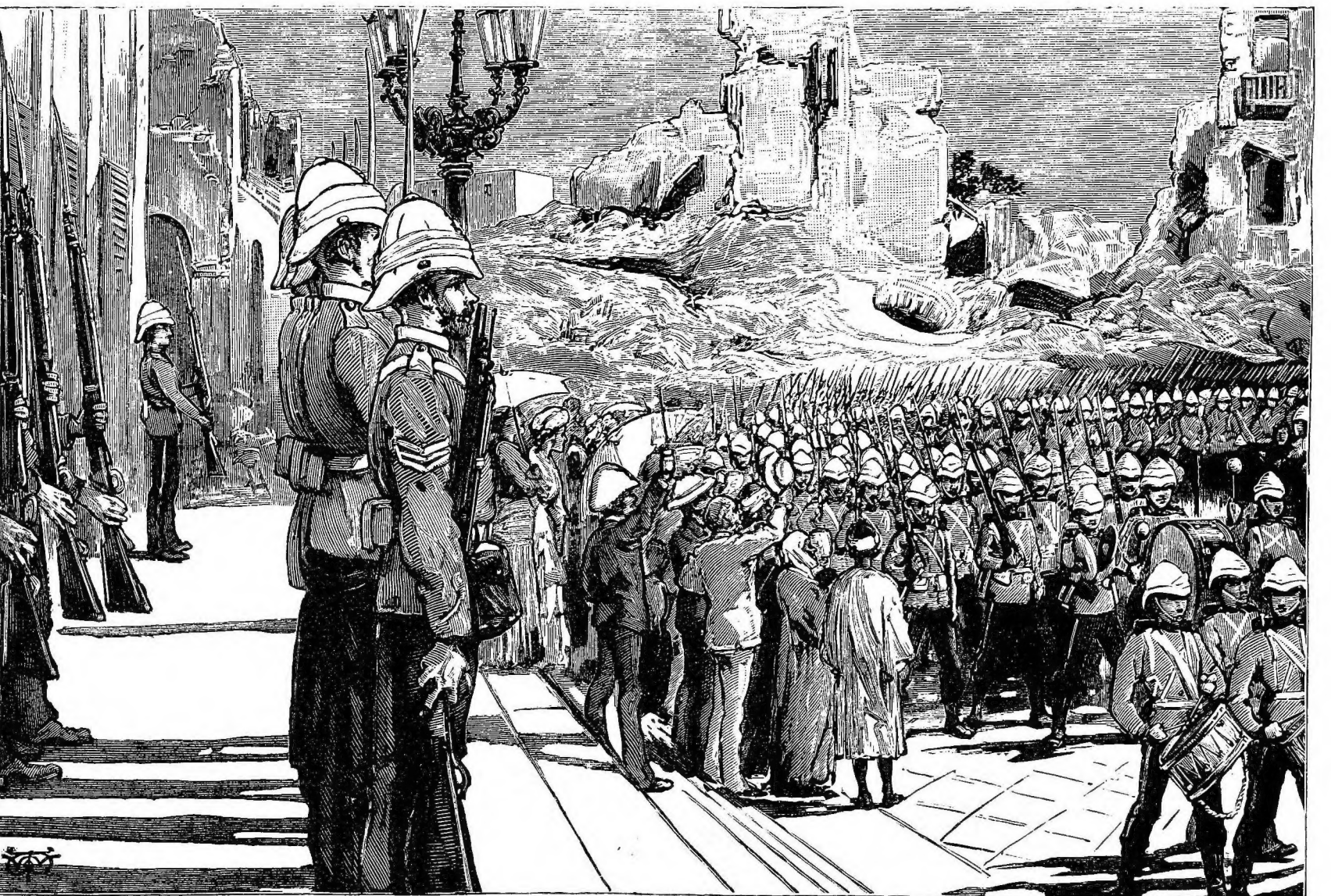


MAJOR-GENERAL H.R.H., THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT VIEWING ARABI'S POSITION FROM THE FORTY-POUND BATTERY AT RAMLEH

THE WAR IN EGYPT
FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. F. VILLIERS



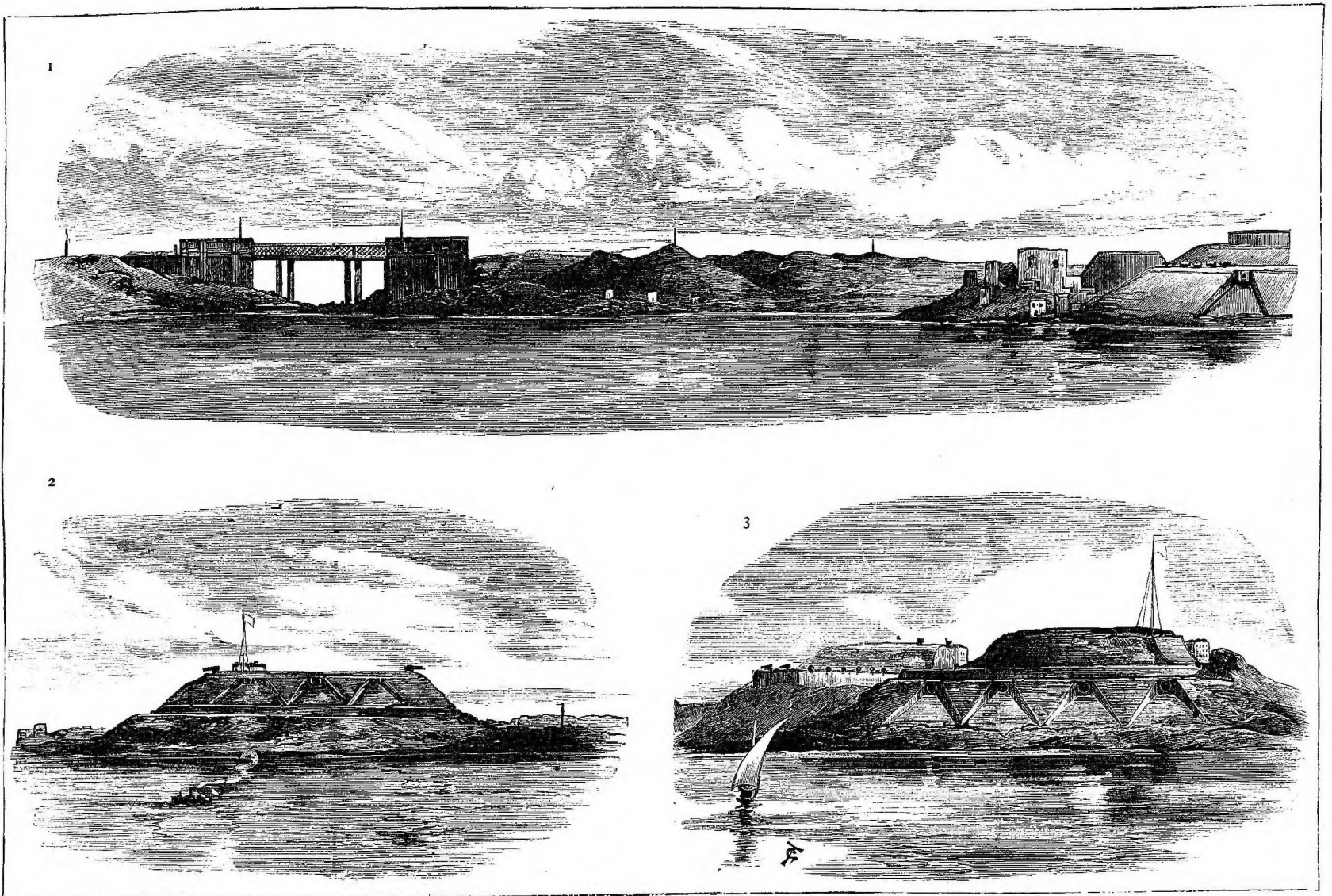
THE LANDING OF THE LIFE GUARDS AT ALEXANDRIA



THE SCOTS GUARDS MARCHING THROUGH THE GRAND SQUARE, ALEXANDRIA, ON THEIR WAY TO THE FRONT

THE WAR IN EGYPT

FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. F. VILLIERS



1. Railway Bridge on the Alexandria and Rosetta Line.—2. Fort No. 5, from Aboukir Point.—3. Fort Commanding Railway Bridge.
THE ABOUKIR FORTS



BLUE-JACKETS IN POSSESSION AT FORT KOM-EL-DIK, ALEXANDRIA

THE WAR IN EGYPT

FROM SKETCHES BY NAVAL OFFICERS

All the arrangements were made with quiet skill. During Saturday night the boats of Admiral Hoskins' squadron occupied the Canal, with all its works, dredges, and barges. At noon on the 20th the Admiral, Sir B. Seymour, and General Sir G. Wolseley were reported in sight, and a little later they arrived at Port Said, possession of which was taken by Captain Fairfax.

THE "ORION" IN THE SUEZ CANAL

THE *Orion* is a powerful ship, having an armament of four 25-ton rifled guns, and a speed of 13 knots. She is fitted with electric lights and Nordenfolt guns, and was built for fighting, not for show. She was sent out especially for the protection of the Canal, and had when this sketch (by one of her officers) was taken, 150 men on board and a field-gun from the *Agin-court* in addition to her own complement. She was bought from the Turks, which somewhat accounts for her being the most ugly ship in the service. The first section of the Canal, beginning at Port Said, is bounded on either side by a vast level desert of somewhat dark-coloured sand. Gradually, as Ismailia is approached (near which the *Orion* was lying when this sketch was made) the sand becomes almost white, and sand hills rise on either side; a few reeds are seen at the edge of the sand, while the monotony of the sand hills is relieved by a kind of furze.

"KIT—A MEMORY"

MR. PAYN's New Story, illustrated by Arthur Hopkins, is continued on page 205.

THE MURDERS AT MAAMTRASNA

MAAMTRASNA forms part of a wild and lonely valley, shut in by high mountain ranges, on the borders of Mayo. Here there lived, among other persons, a small farmer, named John Joyce, a quiet and fairly industrious man. His land consisted of a patch of potatoes and cabbage ground, besides which his two cows fed free on the mountain side. On the night of Thursday, the 17th inst., he and his family retired to rest without suspicion. The family consisted of himself, his mother, his wife, his daughter, and two sons, the youngest only twelve years old. The house, which is a mere stone hovel, is divided into two compartments. Joyce and his wife slept in a kind of alcove in one of these, the grandmother,

daughter, and the two boys slept in the other. During the night a number of men entered Joyce's house, and, with bludgeons and iron bars, murdered the whole family, except the younger boy, who, though desperately wounded, has some chance of recovery. The horror of this wholesale butchery seems to have overcome the usual apathy or terror of the Irish peasantry. Important witnesses have come forward, and ten men are now under arrest. The motive of these fiendish crimes appears at present doubtful.

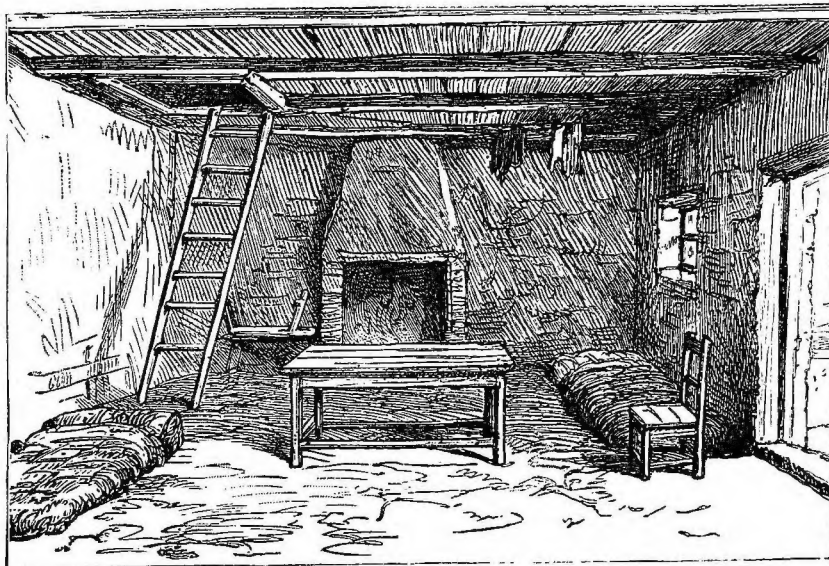
LAWN-TENNIS AT CONSTANTINOPLE

UNDER every sky Englishmen pursue their national games with ardour. An English football club has its permanent headquarters at Constantinople, and during the last Afghan War our officers played cricket on the way to Candahar, and rode steeplechases after its capture. One of our engravings this week shows the manner in which lawn-tennis has been acclimatised in the fashionable suburb of Pera, where reside all the Europeans whose business obliges them to live in Constantinople. Two Englishmen, presumably officers of the Navy, wait upon a Turkish official to obtain some land suitable for the laying out of the tennis-court. Being naturally ignorant of the nature of the game, the bland official replies:—"Certainly, gentlemen, if eleven acres are sufficient." He is assured that this is more than enough, and a committee of inspection visits the acres in question, ignoring the presence of the guardian-gardener, who either does not or will not understand the language of the Giaour. It is evident that the acres will need some clearing; so spades are procured, and the Englishmen set to work, while the apathetic Turk looks on wonderingly. The ground needs much labour, and when one of the workers encounters an unusually obstinate weed he declares, with bitter recollection of his school-days, that this must assuredly be a "*Greek root*." Another of the tennis enthusiasts is of a scientific turn, and avers that the weeds will continue flourishing until the course of a certain stream is diverted. He therefore proceeds coolly to dam up the said stream, and turn it into another channel, not caring at all that he floods a footpath, and ultimately sends the water direct into the gardener's house. Finally, the ground is satisfactorily cleared, and on a fine level piece of turf the courts are accurately marked out. A brilliant company is invited, and the game begins. An enthusiastic player arrives with umbrella, and puggree round his pith helmet. The girl with the long plait and

the high-heeled boots is a Swedish belle; the lady in the riding-habit an English visitor. Still, the game does not appeal to the sympathies of the distinguished Turks who are present, or to those of the French dandy dressed in the newest Parisian fashion. "I do not play ze game; it deranges," he explains to two perspiring players. Still more unsympathetic is the distinguished Turk, who, when the game has been elaborately explained to him, replies:—"Good, good. But why do you not get people to play it for you?" One Turkish visitor, however, enters so far into the spirit of the thing that he is actually seen to pick up a ball, a feat which he accomplishes with no small difficulty. The persons least concerned in the whole affair are probably the policemen who are stationed outside the grounds, and who fulfil their duties by sleeping tranquilly.—Our engravings are from sketches by Mr. C. W. Cole, Paymaster H.M.S. *Boscawen*.

THE WOOL INDUSTRY IN NEW SOUTH WALES

"THESE sketches," says our artist, Mr. G. R. Ashton, "are the result of a visit to a sheep station 220 miles from Sydney. The 'run' in question carried some 15,000 sheep, which would yield 250 bales of wool. The season had been a good one, and the grass was very abundant. Not, however, the healthy-looking green grass which is so charming in our English landscape, but thin yellow grass, which looks at a distance like plains of sand. The station at which I arrived during the busy time of the 'clip' consisted of the ordinary farm buildings, built in the form of a quadrangle surrounded by a few fruit trees. About twenty-three shearers were employed during the 'clip,' which begins about November 25, and lasts till December 14. The sheep are gradually collected by the 'boundary riders,' and the shearers having been chosen by the manager from the numerous persons offering their services business begins. The 'shed' is a long low building, with a double shingle roof, the sides very loosely boarded in for shade. Every endeavour is made to keep the inside as cool as possible, as the shearing season comes in summer. The floor in the centre is occupied by the shearers, each man having a sheep between his legs. The sheep keeps very quiet, never trying to get away when once caught, some even have to be pushed to make them get up after being sheared. Each man gets his sheep himself, shears it, puts his mark on it, and lets it go, entering each one in a little book. The men were very well-behaved, compared



THE RECENT MASSACRE OF A FAMILY IN IRELAND—EXTERIOR AND INTERIOR OF JOHN JOYCE'S COTTAGE, NEAR CONG, CO. GALWAY

with some of the 'old hands,' who are happily now becoming rare. They used to do very little work, spent their money in drink, and insulted every one they met. There is no speaking in the shed, the only noise being the grating of the shears and the occasional call for 'tar,' when a boy comes up with a tar pot and brush, with which he daubs a cut which has been made in the sheep; this prevents it bleeding, and keeps away the flies. On the word 'Saw here,' the boy brings a small saw, and holds the animal's head while the man cuts off the tips of the horns to prevent them growing into the eyes. I saw some sheep whose horns were within one-eighth of an inch of the eye. Each sheep takes ten minutes to shear, the fleece is cut from the animal entire, and on being spread out is the shape of the animal, or like a skin. It is so tenacious that it can be shaken. It is taken from the floor by a boy, and put on a table for classification, then rolled up and placed in the bin to which it belongs. The 'pressers,' of whom there are two, then come for it, their duty being to pack the wool in bales. The press used is on the common lever principle, being a huge piece of timber, fixed at one end. The wool is put in the 'pack,' or bag, and the weight is allowed to come upon it. The pack of course has to be enclosed in strong boards, the space being the size of the bale, when it is pressed full the cover is sewn on the top, the lever is then lifted and the bale taken out, and marked in red chalk. It is now finished, and ready for the 'road.'

"There is not a little dishonesty in connection with wool-clipping. Some men shear other people's sheep and sell the wool. While on the road I saw, on passing an inn, the landlord shearing three sheep, which my guide declared were stolen on purpose to shear. The manager at the station I visited was doing his best to give a good example to the surrounding farmers, as I was shown a quantity of wool ticketed with different names, which would be sent to the owners free of charge, the sheep included. A bell is rung for the shearers at 11 A.M. and 4 P.M., and half-an-hour is allowed for 'Smoko,' although smoking is allowed all day. The samples of wool were very good, some being fourteen inches long, thirty-nine fleeces weighing 3 cwt. 2st. 18lbs., not including 34lbs. belly wool. In the opinion of the manager the cross between the Lincoln and Merino was the best sheep to yield. The wool on arriving in Sydney goes to the brokers, where it is sold by auction if not already commissioned for the home market. It is then 'dumped,' which means compressed, and bound by iron hoops to save space on board ship. Considerable discussion has taken place lately as to the best method of sending wool to London, whether it improves by being left 'greasy' or washed. Experts state that for most purposes wool shipped greasy is more useful, but high class wool is at a better advantage on the market when washed, and where the manufacturer is going to dye, washed wool is preferable, as the grease when left in for a time stains the wool, which therefore does not take the dye so brightly. It may be well to mention here that the natural product which serves to preserve the wool, called the 'yolk' or 'grease,' is not exactly a fat but an alkali. The wool after being washed goes through one more process, that of scouring; it is then ready for the manufacturer."

THE QUARTERLY INSPECTION ON BOARD H.M. TRAINING-SHIP "BOSCAWEN"

FOR those interested in things appertaining to the "first defence, under Providence, of our realm" (and few are not), there is almost endless detail which might illustrate the training of the young blue-jacket. Our engravings this week deal with some of the incidents of a quarterly inspection on board H.M. Training-Ship *Boscawen*, off Portland. The inspection of kits by the Inspecting Captain of Training-Ships is one of the first ceremonies. The blue clothing is placed in one row, the white clothing in another. Everything is clean, marked, in good repair, and ready for service. The boxes, too, with the prayer-books placed upon them, are scrupulously clean. The other engravings speak for themselves.

THE NEW PAVILION ON SOUTHSEA PIER

ON their way from Osborne to Marlborough House on Monday the 14th inst., the Prince and Princess of Wales stopped at Southsea, and attended the concert in aid of the Royal College of Music, which was given in the New Pavilion on the Clarence Esplanade Pier. This building has been erected from designs by Messrs. Davis and Emanuel, of London, at a cost of £8,000. It is a twelve-sided structure, built principally of iron and glass, and its acoustic properties are said to be excellent. The Clarence Esplanade Pier is that used by the majority of passengers from Southsea to the Isle of Wight, and in the evening it is the chief promenade of the Southsea people. Some of the best military bands, such as those of the Royal Marines, and the Royal Marine Light Infantry, play nightly on the pier during the season, and the New Pavilion will doubtless make this promenade still more attractive. At the concert on the 14th inst., Madame Marie Roze, Miss de Fonblanque, Mr. Edward Lloyd, and Mr. Henry Blower were the singers.

THE UNVEILING OF THE O'CONNELL STATUE

THE O'Connell celebration in Dublin last Tuesday week was one of the most successful public demonstrations ever held in the Irish capital. It was unaccompanied by any of those manifestations of rowdiness which too often disgrace Irish (and English) crowds, and the whole thing was carried through with remarkable heartiness and good humour. Although the procession had to march six miles, and although it was one of the largest ever assembled in the streets of Dublin, not a single hitch in the arrangements occurred. The Roman Catholic clergy somewhat ostentatiously withheld their patronage; but Messrs. Davitt, Parnell, McCarthy, Biggar, and other popular favourites were present, and were very enthusiastically received by the vast crowds in the streets. The statue, as will be seen from our engraving, represents the Liberator in one of his accustomed attitudes. The whole pose of the figure is that of an orator, and the ugliness of modern dress is to some extent done away with by the introduction of a long cloak hanging in well disposed folds.

Around the pedestal immediately under O'Connell are various figures symbolical of Ireland, the Church, &c., while lower still on

four projecting buttresses, it is intended by and by to place four winged symbolical figures. The whole work has been designed by Mr. Foley. The statue was unveiled by the Lord Mayor (Mr. Dawson), and brief speeches were delivered by Mr. Dawson, Mr. Parnell, and Mr. Gray, the Lord Mayor and many others leaving immediately afterwards to open the new Exhibition buildings.



IRELAND.—After the tenant farmer the labourer. Under the sounding title of "Irish Labour and Industrial Union," Messrs. Parnell, Dillon, and their friends have started this week a new League, which is "to extend to other classes of the Irish population the efforts which have proved so fruitful in the direction of land reform." The labourers, to whose co-operation the farmers owe so much, and from whom, it is significantly added, they may expect much more, must be assisted to "obtain the Parliamentary suffrage and a share in the local government of their counties," but first and foremost they must be provided "with plots of ground and improved dwellings." "The cost, if any," observed Mr. Dillon, "must be borne by the useless class, the landlords."—Expressions of sympathy have been more abundantly showered on Mr. Gray than offers to relieve him from the pecuniary penalties of his offence, though to this latter end Archbishop Croke has contributed 10s., and Mr. Egan, treasurer of the Land League, "a personal contribution" of the like amount. On Monday, at a special meeting of the Dublin Town Council, a protest was made on the motion of Mr. T. D. Sullivan, M.P., against "the arbitrary and oppressive exercise of power" on the part of Mr. Justice Lawson, and a memorial agreed upon to the Lord-Lieutenant.—The "Castle" authorities have refused to grant a public inquiry into the charges brought against the jury impanelled in the case of "The Queen v. Hynes," but the affidavits forwarded by Mr. Sexton will be examined to see if they supply any cause for interfering with the ordinary course of justice.—Outrages this week have been exceptionally numerous. In Mayo a murder more horrifying in its details than any yet recorded—a small farmer and his family were shot or beaten to death, and dogs were found gnawing the corpse of the aged grandmother—has been followed, there is reason to hope, by the detection of the guilty. Fifteen arrests have been made, and ten men identified as the assassins by three countrymen, who had tracked the murderers unperceived in the apprehension that some of their own friends were to be attacked; and for once, it is said, the entire peasant population appears to sympathise with the informers. In Kerry an elderly farmer of some means has been shot by "Moonlighters" as a "land-grabber"—three men-servants in the house at the time declining to make any effort in his defence; and outrages of a less serious kind are reported from other quarters.—

Before the Commission, Walsh, the Letterfrack murderer, has been again put on his trial, and this time convicted, and heavy sentences have been passed upon the men who threatened Mrs. Kenney for giving evidence against the supposed murderer of her husband. —Marwood, the executioner, arrived at Kingstown the other day, and was recognised by a news-vendor in the railway train. But a lady bravely took his part, even going so far as to regret he had not more to do in Ireland. Four of the constabulary were told off for his protection. —Mr. Otto Trevelyan has been making the round of Ulster. At Derry on Saturday he was bold enough to declare that the Government was beginning to feel "a sense of hope, almost of confidence, to which they were strangers three months ago." At Belfast he expressed a conviction that when a "tribunal did justice without fear, gradually but surely evidence would be forthcoming." "With political speeches at public meetings" the Government did not concern themselves; "against crime and outrage they would continue to wage an undying and unrelenting war."

THE ADJOURNMENT OF PARLIAMENT on Friday week to October 24th has been followed by the usual crop of political speeches out of doors. On Monday Sir S. Northcote took occasion to assure the Conservative working men of Bournemouth that Lord Salisbury and himself were "in cordial harmony one with the other." For the present, "Conservatives were 'anxious to co-operate with the Government in supporting the honour and interests of England; but the time would come when it would be necessary to inquire whether present difficulties 'ought not to have been avoided by a wiser policy some months ago.' Mr. Cavendish Bentinck, in a jocose speech at Whitehaven, suggested that there would have been no Egyptian difficulty at all 'if 100 London policemen had been sent to Alexandria at the outset.'—Lord Colin Campbell, addressing his constituents at Dunoon, from the point of view of an independent Whig, asserted the bombardment of Alexandria to have been a mistake, and strongly deprecated the Ministerial proposal to close debate by the vote of a bare majority.

THE ARRIVAL AT ABERDEEN on Sunday of the steam whaler *Hope*, with Mr. Leigh Smith and the crew of the *Eira* safe on board, has relieved the fears which were very generally entertained for the safety of that well-known Arctic voyager. The *Eira*, it seems, was nipped in the ice on the 21st of August, 1881, about a mile to the eastward of Franz Josef Land, and sank in two hours, barely giving the crew time to save their clothing and weapons, and provisions enough to last a fortnight. Most fortunately, bears and walrus proved abundant throughout the winter (though again and again the crew came nearly to the end of their store), and the ship's dog was an invaluable assistant in the chase. On the 21st of June, exactly eleven months after landing at Cape Flora, the coast ice cleared away, and it became possible to launch the boats, which were much too heavy to drag over the floes; and, after six weeks of almost constant toil, the open sea was gained at last, and a course shaped for the east coast of Nova Zembla, where the boats arrived upon the 2nd of August, and the next day were picked up by the *Hope*, the vessel which had been chartered by the *Eira* Relief Committee, and despatched in search of them under the command of Sir Allen Young. Though unprovided with limejuice, and with only a small supply of vegetables, the shipwrecked sailors, thanks to an ample dietary of fresh meat, enjoyed complete immunity from scurvy throughout an eleven months' confinement in a single tent, with an outside temperature which more than once descended to 80 deg. of frost. Mr. Smith has written to thank the Council of the Royal Geographical Society for their support of the *Eira* Relief Expedition.

MR. GUILDFORD ONSLOW, well-known as ex-M.P. for Guildford and persistent advocate of the cause of the Tichborne Claimant, died last Sunday at The Grove, Ropley. He had spent, in supporting the claims of his *protégé*, nearly 15,000*l*. Shortly before his death he had received a letter from the convict declaring that "kindness had drawn tears from his eyes which no suffering could have done."

THE INTERVIEWER who endeavoured last week to draw from Cetewayo that monarch's views as to the future of Zululand was fairly baffled by the wily savage. Willing enough to speak of England and Englishmen, on Zulu politics he was unexpectedly mute. "He had given his opinion," he said, "of these matters to Lord Kimberley; he could not repeat it for the British public." As unsuccessful was the deputation from the National Temperance League, who came to ask him to discourage as far as possible the use of alcoholic liquors in his own country. The King was sitting for his portrait to a German artist, who had been sent to him that morning by the Queen, and refused to give even ten minutes to the deputation. "However much he might wish to see the gentlemen,"—so ran his message by the interpreter—"he could not neglect the wishes of the Queen." And the friends of Temperance could only leave some copies of the *British Workman*, and retire. On Saturday Cetewayo visited Windsor, and on Wednesday was taken over Woolwich Arsenal.

A VERY SUCCESSFUL EXPERIMENT was made this week with the Edison electric light in the "Press Room" of the Post Office. The "extension" was the greatest ever yet made from one centre, the distance from the dynamo-room in the Company's office to the room lighted by them in St. Martin's-le-Grand being no less than 1,950 feet. The electricity was worked at low pressure, and danger from contact with the wires was thus minimised.

THE OUTBREAK OF TYPHOID which has been raging for the last four months in Bangor—in consequence, it is said, of the polluted state of the filtering beds at the reservoir—is still undiminished. Great distress prevails in the town, and the usual summer visitors have been completely scared away.

AT SOUTHAMPTON the yearly meeting of the British Association was inaugurated on Wednesday by an eloquent address from Dr. Siemens, the successor of Sir J. Lubbock in the Presidential chair, chiefly on electricity as the newest "form of energy." Agriculturists would find in the electric light a power highly favourable to the growth of vegetation, while electricity would certainly supersede the steam engine for purposes of traction in tunnels and in the neighbourhood of towns. As a heat-producer and "poor man's friend," gas, on the other hand, would hold its own, and would in future times be distilled in the pit itself, while on ship-board light gas-producing engines would take the place of "the complex and dangerous steam boiler." The address concluded with an eloquent allusion to the great engineering works of the present day and the discoveries lately made in the department of astronomy. Permission has been given by the Queen to members to visit Osborne after the departure of the Court for Scotland, on the 25th. In the expectation of an invitation to Canada, a circular has been issued to the Council, requesting to know which year would suit them best.—Professor Atfield opened in the same town on Tuesday the nineteenth British Pharmaceutical Conference with an address on the "Relations of Pharmacy to the State," in which stress was laid on the necessity of amending the Pharmacy Act, to prevent the unrestricted sale of poisonous drugs by unqualified persons.—The Archaeologists have been holding their yearly gathering at Plymouth, under the presidency of Sir J. A. Picton, in the absence (through illness) of the Duke of Somerset; and the National Eisteddfod has been enlivened with a vivacious address by Dr. Richardson on the three "Races on English Soil"—the Saxon, the Celtic, and the Semitic.

ACCIDENTS.—On the Great Western a driver has been killed, and several passengers injured, through a train running off the line as it approached the station at Wolverhampton.—Violent gales

prevailed along the coast on Tuesday night and Wednesday morning, and at Dover much alarm was caused by the non-arrival at Ostend of the Belgian packet. Fortunately nothing worse had occurred than a slight accident to her machinery.

THE DEAL TOWN COUNCIL have received permission from the War Office to remove the ruins of old Sandown Castle, to make room for a new sea-wall and promenade. In the Castle, 200 years ago, the famous Puritan Colonel Hutchinson was for some time imprisoned.



SURREY melodramas are rarely works of any serious literary pretensions; nor indeed for that matter are melodramas produced at theatres of far greater renown. *Real Life*, brought out at the SURREY on Monday evening, seems to reveal in more than one scene the practised hand of the experienced playwright, although the author has been said to be a "new hand;" but of originality it has scarcely a trace. The late Mr. Halliday, being once reproached with the fact that in a play of this class he had resorted to so familiar a notion as "a bundle of missing family papers," is said to have replied that "it is all very well to talk; but he should like to see his critic try to write a melodrama without a bundle of missing papers." The author may, therefore, perhaps be excused for giving to this ancient device of dramatic fiction so prominent a place as it assumes in his play. The action moves on briskly, and though the neglect to furnish a part for that admirable character actor, Mr. George Conquest, occasioned some disappointment, the performance was received with every token of satisfaction. For the rest the play is acted with spirit by a company which, if it includes few names that are known on the Middlesex side of the Thames, is by no means an inefficient one for the interpretation of plays of this description.

In Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan's new comic opera—destined to supersede *Patience* when the popularity of that immensely popular piece is exhausted—Mr. George Grossmith will play the part of a Lord Chancellor who commits constructive contempt of his own court by falling in love with a ward in Chancery. In legal fashion he reviews all the anomalies and contingencies of this extremely anomalous position; and as he does this in solos, occasionally supplemented, in classic fashion, by a commentary from the chorus, the effect of this amusing actor's performance is likely to be ludicrous in the extreme.

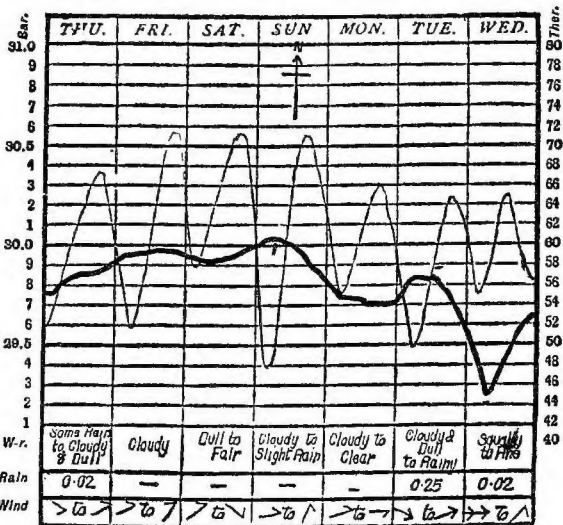
The death is announced of Mr. George K. Goodwin, the well-known theatre manager of Philadelphia. He began life as a gold miner in California, and afterwards became a banker at Boston. He started "Waugh's Panorama of Italy," which was so successful that in a few months he became the proprietor of fifteen panoramas. After successful theatrical speculations he retired with a fortune in 1869. Mr. Goodwin, however, grew tired of idleness, and in 1875 he became a partner with Mr. J. S. Clarke in the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia.

After the extensive alterations now in progress at the STRAND Theatre are completed—probably about the middle of October next—Mr. J. S. Clarke, the popular American comedian, will commence an engagement at this house. Mr. Clarke will revive Shakespeare's *Comedy of Errors*, in which he will for the first time impersonate Dromio of Syracuse. Who will be his "double" does not yet appear; but, as some witty person has observed, he will have to "wink and stare very hard indeed" before the audience can be led to confound him, even for a moment, with an actor of such marked peculiarities as Mr. J. S. Clarke.

The celebrated American actress, Miss Fanny Davenport, will play Diane at TOOLE'S Theatre, opening on the 9th of September, in Mr. James Mortimer's version of *Diane de Lys*, by Dumas the younger. This play has never yet been performed in English. Miss Davenport is a daughter of E. L. Davenport, and is a great favourite in America.

The PRINCE'S Theatre, Manchester, has been renovated and redecored, and will open shortly, under the management of Mr. Hollingshead. The first performance under the new reign will be a representation of *Adrienne Lecouvreur*, in which Madame Bernhardt-Damala, in part fulfilment of her provincial tour, will sustain her famous part.

WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK FROM AUGUST 17 TO AUGUST 23 (INCLUSIVE).



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—The weather during this period has been much less settled than in the week which immediately preceded it—not that the rainfall has been large generally, but there has been considerable unsteadiness of pressure, a large amount of cloud, and a generally "unsettled" appearance, which culminated in strong westerly winds on Tuesday (22nd inst.), and a westerly to north-westerly gale on Wednesday (23rd inst.) over the whole of Ireland and nearly the whole of England. Temperature has been low throughout—very low on Tuesday and Wednesday (22nd and 23rd inst.). The wind has varied in direction from south-south-west to west-north-west. The days have been cloudy, the nights often clear and cold. The barometer was highest (30.03 inches) on Sunday (20th inst.); lowest (29.25 inches) on Wednesday (23rd inst.); range, 0.78 inch. Temperature was highest (71°) on Friday, Saturday, and Sunday (18th, 19th, and 20th inst.); lowest (48°) early on Sunday morning (20th inst.); range, 23°. Rain fell on three days. Total amount, 0.29 inches. Greatest fall on any one day, 0.25 inches, on Tuesday (22nd inst.).



"THE LITTLE BRIDESMAID."—Messrs. Beckmann Brothers, of 26 and 27, Cow Cross Street, have published an oleograph of the painting by J. N. Lee, bearing the above title. It is a very creditable specimen of this kind of work.

HOUSES ARE BUILT AT LIGHTNING SPEED in the Great North-West. At Winnipeg recently the foundation of a house was laid on Tuesday, and the building was completed on the following Thursday afternoon. It was a hotel of two stories, over 100 feet long, and divided into apartments for 250 persons.

PHOTOGRAPHIC PORTRAITS.—We have received from Messrs. Marion and Co., of Soho Square, some excellent portraits lately taken of the Marquis of Salisbury, Mr. John Bright, and the Baroness Burdett-Coutts. Those of the Baroness are the only portraits from life which have been issued to the public.

AMONG THE BEST POPULAR WAR MAPS yet issued are those of Messrs. G. W. Bacon and Co. One of these, showing in a bird's-eye view the whole of Egypt, will be particularly useful in following the approaching movements of troops.—Messrs. W. H. Smith and Sons have also issued a good map of Lower Egypt from the latest Egyptian surveys.

A TRAINING INSTITUTION FOR NURSES is to be opened in Berlin, under the superintendence of the Crown Princess of Germany, in order that private families may be able to obtain skilled nursing without applying to Sisterhoods. The lady director has been in London to study the various systems of management, and the establishment will be called after its foundress, the Victoria House.

CHINESE BURGLARS have an ingenious method of preventing all opposition from the inhabitants of the house they intend to rob. They prepare a compound of some potent ingredient, set it alight, and blow it into the room through a hole in the wall. The drug completely paralyses the unlucky inmates, who can neither speak nor stir, although they are sufficiently conscious to watch the thieves coolly carrying off all valuables. As water is supposed to absorb this poison, many wealthy people sleep with a basin of water at their heads.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY TRUSTEES are anxious to obtain power to lend pictures from the National collection to provincial public galleries, but the Bill to this effect introduced in the House of Lords by Earl Granville has been shelved until next year. It is proposed that such loans should only be made for a certain time, and on condition that the profits of the exhibition should be devoted to the promotion of Science and Art. Pictures acquired by gift or bequest would not be lent until they had been exhibited in the National Gallery for fifteen years, or for twenty-five years in cases where it is expressly enjoined that the pictures presented shall be kept together.

PRACTICAL JOKING has lately caused great annoyance in a suburb of Liverpool. Advertisements were put in the daily papers by some malicious individual stating that certain inhabitants required nursemaids, barmails, bailiffs, light porters, &c., that some were in want of dogs and monkeys, and that others wished to let lodgings. Accordingly, a well-known lawyer was visited by innumerable men carrying monkeys under their coats, while a stream of bailiffs applied to a neighbour, and a crowd of gaily-attired young ladies came to a third house to look after the situation as barmail. No fewer than 130 persons called on one unlucky gentleman, and one of the handsomest houses in the neighbourhood was continually worried by people asking for apartments at 12*s*. weekly. Finally, the police had to be called in to clear off the hoaxed personages, who were in a most un-angelic frame of mind.

LONDON MORTALITY continues to increase, and 1,528 deaths were recorded last week, against 1,417 during the previous seven days, being a rise of 111, although 48 below the average, while the death-rate increased to 20.5 per 1,000. There were 5 deaths from small-pox (a rise of 1), 41 from measles (an increase of 16), 40 from scarlet fever (a rise of 1), 17 from diphtheria (a fall of 1), 52 from whooping cough (an increase of 8, and 11 above the average), 11 from enteric fever, 1 from an ill-defined form of fever (a decrease of 1), 164 from diarrhoea and dysentery (a rise of 17, but 83 below the average), and 11 from simple cholera (an increase of 5). The fatal cases of diseases of the respiratory organs declined to 197 from 223, but were 30 above the average, while different forms of violence caused 73 deaths, of which 61 resulted from negligence or accident. There were 2,670 births registered (being an increase of 366, and 21 above the average). The mean temperature was 60.3 deg.—1.5 deg. below the average.

THE COOKS' COMPANY has just completed the celebration of the fourth Centenary of the grant of its first charter, which is dated 11th July, 1482, and was given by King Edward the Fourth. The celebration consisted first of a service at St. Botolph's, Aldersgate Street, which is situated exactly opposite the site of the ancient "Cooks' Hall;" secondly, of a dinner to the Company given by Mr. Robert Miller, the present Master; and thirdly, a presentation by the Master to each member of the Livery of a memorial plaque of the arms of the Company, and a record of the dates it was desired to commemorate—viz., the grant of the charter by King Edward the Fourth, 1482, and the celebration of the four hundredth anniversary under Queen Victoria, 1882. This plaque is a beautiful work of art, produced by Messrs. Doulton and Co., of Burslem, and mounted in purple velvet. In consequence of the important work recently done by the Company in forwarding technical education and of this fourth centenary of its incorporation, Her Majesty the Queen has been pleased to accept a commemorative plaque.

THE LIST OF MOUNTAIN DISASTERS is not yet closed, and besides the death in Italy of Canon Wade's daughter, who fell over a precipice at Ischia while sketching, at home a life has been lost on Snowdon. Mr. Dismore Allpool, a lawyer, and a friend ascended the mountain on Sunday from the Capel Curig side in very bad weather. On returning they attempted to descend an almost impassible ravine, and Mr. Allpool slipped and fell over the precipice, while his friend managed to regain the proper path. Two further accidents have occurred in Switzerland, where in one case the tourist himself was directly to blame. A German student, George Schenkler, with three companions, was rash enough to attempt a difficult ascent on the Great St. Bernard without a guide, and on the party becoming separated in a fog Schenkler fell over a precipice, where his body was not found until twelve days after. The other victim, Herr Rutti, of Berne, a member of the Swiss Alpine Club, attempted to ascend the Wilde Frau, in the Bernese Oberland, with one companion, but also without a guide. The weather was so bad that they lost their way, and when trying to descend a wall of rock down which he had lowered his friend, Herr Rutti slipped, fell headforemost, and fractured his skull. A more cheerful Alpine item is the meeting of the International Alpine Congress at Salzburg, where balls, concerts, illuminations, and a variety of festivities enlivened the members. The Congress decided to establish annual meetings, by turn, in Austria, Italy, France, and Switzerland, and the next gathering will be held at Turin. The British and American Clubs will join the Swiss.

ADVANCE OF THE 35TH REGIMENT BRITISH SKIRMISHERS

ARABI'S TROOPS AMONG THE TREES

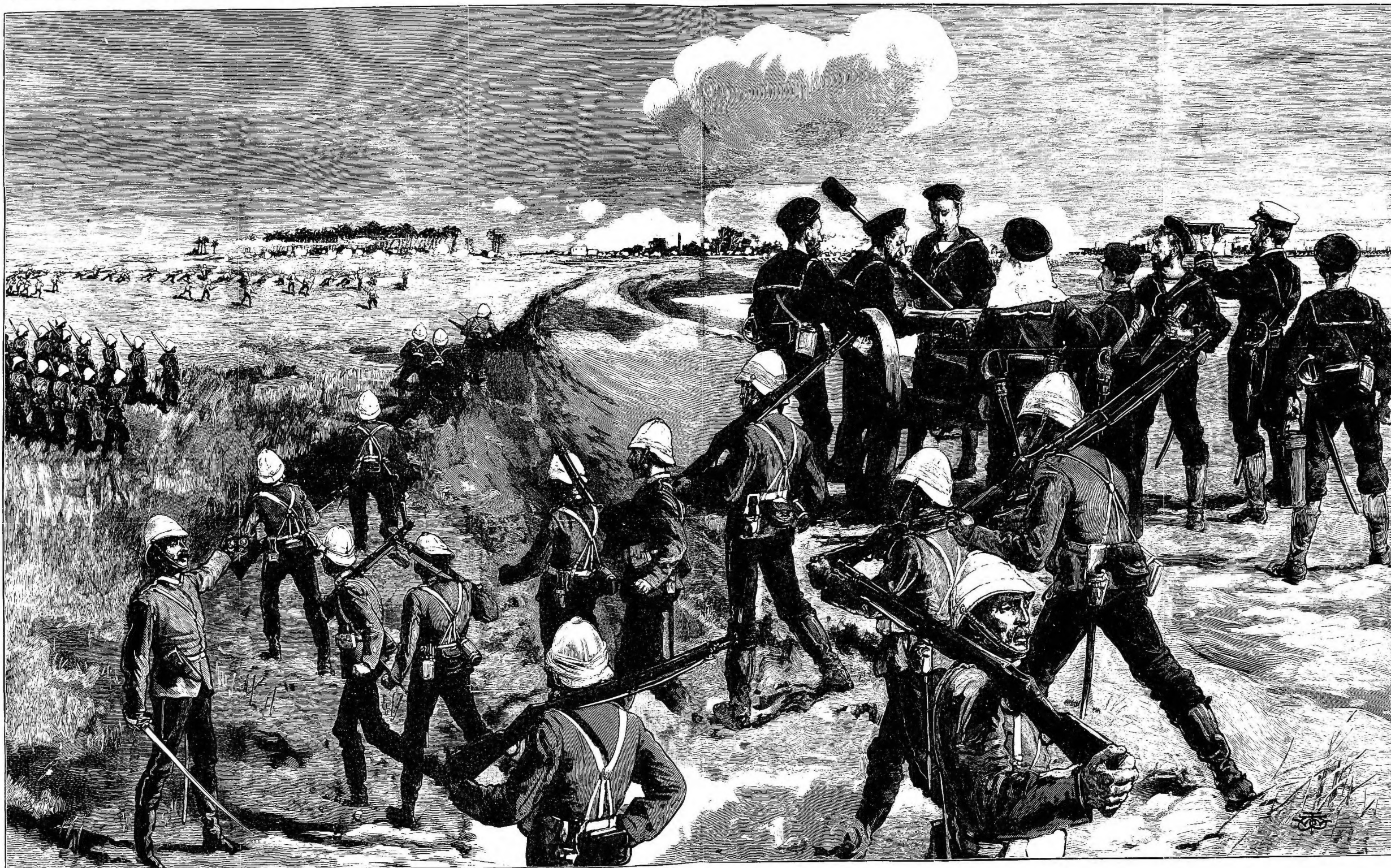
THE LEFT BANK OF THE CANAL

THE ENEMY'S GUNS
THE MAHMOUDIYEH CANAL

THE 60TH RIFLES

THE IRONCLAD TRAIN ON THE CAIRO RAILWAY
40-POUNDER GUN ON THE IRONCLAD TRAIN

RAILWAY EMBANKMENT
LAKE MAREUTIS



ADVANCE OF THE 46TH REGIMENT

THE RECONNAISSANCE IN FORCE, AUGUST 5
FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. F. VILLIERS



THE WAR IN EGYPT.—The occupation of the Suez Canal has been the first step taken in the active phase of the campaign. Sir Garnet Wolseley has lost no time, and three days after his arrival the majority of the British troops—the Guards, 60th Rifles, &c.—were shipped on board the transports, their destination being ostentatiously given out as Aboukir. Indeed, the plans for the bombardment of Aboukir Forts were so openly made known, that it was shrewdly suspected that the announcement was a mere feint to deceive Arabi. So after all it proved. The ironclads and transports left Alexandria on Saturday with sealed orders, accompanied by Sir Garnet Wolseley and Admiral Seymour, and duly cast anchor in Aboukir Bay; but as night set in they quietly slipped away to Port Said. When, therefore, a number of eager spectators came out to Aboukir next day to witness the bombardment, they found the Bay deserted. In the mean time the naval commanders along the Canal had acted in concert, and successfully seized the respective important points. Port Said was occupied by Captain Fairfax without a shot, for the Egyptian soldiers at once laid down their arms, and although the inhabitants at first attempted to throw up earthworks between the Arab and European quarters, they speedily saw that resistance was useless. The Governor, one of Arabi's creatures, was sent on board a British vessel, and a trustworthy official appointed in his stead. Commander Edwards then took possession of the waters of the Canal, making his headquarters at Kantara, and Captain Fitzroy landed at Ismailia. Here, however, some resistance was offered, and although the enemy was ultimately shelled out of Nefiche, a short distance inland, the landing party of Bluejackets and Marines, under Commander Kane, of the *Northumberland*, had a smart encounter, and the Commander and several others were wounded. As the Egyptians appeared in greater force down the Canal, the gunboats *Mosquito* and *Seagull* brought up a detachment of the Seaforth Highlanders, under Captain Hastings, from Suez, and a sharp engagement ensued at Chalouf, where the enemy was lying in ambush on the banks of the Fresh-Water Canal. Finding their position untenable, the Egyptians retired after cutting the banks of the Canal; but the British managed to repair the damage, and to inflict great loss on the enemy, besides taking a large number of prisoners. On our side two men were drowned and two wounded, so that this important operation has been accomplished at a minimum loss to the attacking force, while the Arabs are stated to have suffered severely, particularly at Nefiche, where a number of dead were found. On the arrival of the fleet at Port Said, the British bought a large Dutch hotel, commanding the entrance of the Canal, to use as barracks, and, after strongly garrisoning the town, the ironclads and transports were despatched towards Suez. As all other traffic had been temporarily stopped, the Canal authorities were in a furious rage, and refused to supply pilots. This caused some slight delay, for the *Catalonia* grounded, and greatly impeded the passage; but after some time the vessel was got off safely, and all the transports managed to pass through to Ismailia, where Sir Garnet Wolseley was awaiting the troops. The force once through, the ordinary traffic was resumed, and the Canal Company was appeased. Even M. de Lesseps appears fairly contented, and proposes to leave for Paris. Several small skirmishes have occurred, notably at Serapeum on Monday, and a fresh encounter at Chalouf next day, both being to the British advantage. The enemy have, therefore, abandoned all positions between Suez and Ismailia, retiring upon Zagazig.

From Ismailia, in all probability, an attack will be made on Tel-el-Kebir, where Arabi apparently intends to make a firm stand to defend the road to Cairo. In their turn the Indian contingent will operate from Suez, as General Macpherson and a considerable number of his troops have arrived this week. No very serious resistance is anticipated at Tel-el-Kebir, as it is a position which can be easily turned, but the chief trouble will be the want of water, for Arabi, of course, will cut the canals. Two British vessels are, however, fitted up as condensers. Fortunately this line of route will not be affected by the rising of the Nile, now daily expected, and the inundations will chiefly interfere with operations round Tantah and Damanhour, where, probably, Arabi will ultimately gather his main body. At present little is known of the disposition of his forces, but although largely reinforced by Bedouins the rebel leader cannot, at the most, have more than 15,000 trustworthy regulars. He is plentifully supplied with ammunition, and is overstocked with artillery, most of which must fall into British hands, owing to the difficulty of transport. A strong native force still holds Aboukir, where three British ironclads cruise between the forts and the Rosetta mouth of the Nile, while new and strong earthworks are constantly being thrown up on the way between Kafr Dowar and Damanhour. As, however, decisive action may now be expected any day, it is useless to speculate on the plan of operations on either side, more particularly as the British secret is admirably kept.

Although Alexandria is no longer the centre of interest, the garrison are well occupied in trying to divert Arabi's attention from the real scene of action. Anxious to make the rebel leader believe that the chief attack will be on Kafr Dowar, and so prevent him from sending away his troops to strengthen other positions, the British daily harass the Egyptian lines. Generally the reconnaissances take place at dusk, as the Egyptians prefer to withdraw their troops under cover of the darkness, and grown wary by experience, the enemy refuse to be drawn out in force, but limit themselves to a brisk artillery fire. A new and powerful gun has lately been brought up, and as the Egyptian gunners have greatly improved their aim by practice the British are anxious for stronger artillery, although the ironclad train gives valuable help. These skirmishes have no actual result save keeping the enemy on the alert; but they further serve to season the untired British soldiers under fire. Indeed, the young hands show considerable steadiness, and the example of coolness in action is well set by their officers. General Hamley has now taken the local command, and the fresh transports constantly arriving at Alexandria are very welcome to reinforce the garrison, which had been considerably weakened by the departure of the main contingent. Only two ironclads were left in harbour, the *Invincible* and *Inconstant*. Still, there is little fear of further trouble in the town itself; and, except outside the city, military affairs have given place to civil arrangements. Cherif Pasha is forming a Ministry, and there is every prospect of a trustworthy Cabinet being got together, as Riaz Pasha has taken the portfolio of the Interior; while it is hoped that Nubar Pasha may be invited to accept the Ministry of Justice. Such a combination of three honest and patriotic statesmen would command considerable confidence. The Khédive shows great eagerness to further all English plans, and has issued another proclamation bidding the Egyptian officials implicitly obey Sir Garnet Wolseley, who comes with his authority to establish order and tranquillity.

While events are thus proceeding rapidly in Egypt, TURKEY adheres to her favourite policy of words, not deeds. Line by line the terms of the Anglo-Turkish Military Convention have been disputed by the Porte, fresh counter-propositions being constantly brought forward by both sides, which proved as unacceptable as the former plans. One reported reason for this delay is that the Sultan is trying to come to terms with Arabi, and so turn the tables on the

English by a diplomatic victory. The truth appears to be that influence at the Palace is divided; and, while the two Said Pashas advocate an agreement with England, the religious party encourage in every way the Sultan's dislike to take action with Christians against a Mussulman movement. At last, however, conciliatory influences have prevailed, and the Porte has made the necessary concessions, so that Lord Dufferin has now agreed to sign the Convention. It was at one time proposed to bring the Military Convention before the Conference; but none of the Powers favoured the suggestion. As to the Conference itself, the members will probably meet once more to adjourn formally until the suppression of Arabi's rebellion, when they would reassemble to consider the measures to be taken for the ultimate government of Egypt. The Porte continues troubled by the agitation in the Levant, and the Powers have sent a note requesting Turkey to take measures for the protection of Christians.

Throughout the Continent generally England's action in the Suez Canal has aroused great excitement and criticism, although the measure had been foreseen and commented on for some time past. Perhaps GERMANY is most favourable on the subject, as bold strategical manœuvres invariably win admiration in such a military country. Hitherto the critics have been blaming England for delay, now they applaud the plan of campaign, and acknowledge that the British were justified in occupying the Canal under the present conditions. They prophesy, however, that the greatest difficulties will be encountered at the end of the war, when the diplomatic side of the settlement comes forward. RUSSIA is very reticent, while ITALY, bitterly disappointed at her protective proposal being quietly abrogated after it had been accepted by the Conference, consoles herself with predicting the defeat of the British army. FRANCE, as might be expected, is deeply moved, and hard names are showered on England from many sides. All the Moderate journals take a reasonable view of the situation, and the Gambettist organs turn their anger against the Government for allowing England to do the work single-handed, but the majority of the Press are absurdly violent, although they are unwillingly obliged to confess that the British have acted judiciously and comparatively within their rights. The ultra-Radicals are furious, and M. Rochefort politely terms us "the assassins, thieves, and pickpockets who have pirated the Isthmus of Suez," while the Reactionary papers take the opportunity to revile the Republic for bringing France to such a pass.

Home affairs in France continue in holiday quietude. This week the Legitimists have had their innings by a grand demonstration in the Vendée in honour of Henri V., and Royalists have united to lament the death of General Ducrot. The late General played an important part in the Franco-Prussian War, and during Marshal MacMahon's Presidency was eager to promote a *coup d'état* in favour of the Comte de Chambord, but since then he had retired from public life. Near Macon serious disturbances have occurred amongst the miners at Montceau les Mines, owing to the religious propaganda of the managers and officials. The miners sacked the church, took the priest and the Mayor prisoner, and destroyed all the religious emblems they could meet with. Finally the military restored order. Colonial affairs look more promising, for the prime mover of the late insurrection in Tunis now sues for pardon, while many of the Algerian insurgents are coming in to offer submission.

GERMANY.—The agitation against the Jews is being industriously fanned by Pastor Stocker and Dr. Henrici, who planned an Anti-Semitic Congress at Dresden. The Saxon Government, however, prohibited the gathering, so the disappointed Christians have turned their attention to taking a census of all the houses in Berlin occupied by Jews, in order to bring forward the subject at their electoral meetings. Prince Bismarck is devoting much attention to the coming elections, and the report of the Prince's dissatisfaction with the Envoy to the Vatican is officially denied, with the further remark that the failure of the negotiations is certainly not the fault of the Prussian Government.—The Emperor has been present at the celebration of the 150th birthday of the garrison church at Pot-dam. Founded by Frederick William I., this church is intimately connected with the history of the Prussian Kings, and the anniversary was kept with great ceremony.—The village of Lindeburden, in Western Prussia, has been completely burnt down, and 200 inhabitants are shelterless.

AUSTRIA AND ITALY.—Trieste has narrowly escaped another Irredentist disturbance, as a box containing similar bombs to those used in the late riots has been found on board a steamer from Venice. The bombs were intended for the benefit of the torchlight procession arranged for the Emperor's birthday, and were accompanied by a quantity of seditious proclamations. Numerous arrests have been made, and several printing-offices closed. Evidently the headquarters of the conspiracy are in Italy, and a large number of the lowest class in Trieste act as agents. The Austrians are bitterly annoyed at this fresh attempt, and rate the Italians in no unmeasured terms for not putting down the Irredentist agitation; while in ITALY itself the journals seem afraid to blame the Irredentists openly, and so confine themselves to vague apologetic expressions. In home affairs proper, a scare has been caused by a rumour that 800 Garibaldians were going to Capraia to exhume their old chief's body and cremate it, according to his will. There appears to have been some truth in the report, for a Government war vessel has been sent to Capraia, and landed a considerable force on the island.—The Pope has addressed a letter to the Irish Bishops, deprecating the continuance of crime, and bidding the people follow the advice of their clergy, who in their turn should be the active supporters of public order. Secret societies, he adds, should be shunned.—Sardinia is suffering grievously from drought. The harvest is lost, the animals are dying for want of water, and the peasants are without bread.

INDIA.—The proposed treaty with Burmah has been refused by the King, as indeed was expected, and the Burmese Embassy will now leave Simla. The failure is due to those clauses requiring that monopolies should be abolished, and that an armed guard should be maintained for the British Resident at Mandalay.—The President of the Education Commission has attended a crowded meeting at Allahabad, when he pleaded for an equal distribution of the funds between Hindus and Mahomedans, and urged the inhabitants to convert their city into a centre of learning, which should attract all enlightened minds.

UNITED STATES.—All aliens now arriving in the States are taxed 2s. per head, according to the new Emigrant Tax Law, and the impost is levied alike on steerage and cabin passengers. The steamship agents protest loudly against the tax on the latter, and the case will probably be brought before the Courts.—The colliers' struggle is at last ended by the strikers being starved into surrender. Work has been resumed in the Pittsburg district, where the men have been idle for four months.

MISCELLANEOUS.—In RUSSIA there has been a demonstration against the Germans at St. Petersburg, owing to the Teutonic conductor of the orchestra in a Summer Garden refusing to repeat a march in honour of the late General Skobeleff.—CHILI and PERU have again resumed hostilities, and victory has favoured the Chilians, except in one case, where seventy-five of their countrymen refused to surrender to 2,000 Peruvians, and were all killed.—In VICTORIA the Roman Catholic Bishop of Melbourne has been shot at and slightly wounded by the brother of the man O'Farrell, who attempted to assassinate the Duke of Edinburgh at Sydney in 1868.—The insurrection in COREA appears to have been aroused by the King's decision to open the country to foreign trade. The King and Queen were killed, besides a Japanese officer.—In SOUTH AFRICA the small-pox epidemic has assumed serious proportions at Cape Town, where there is great mortality.



THE QUEEN has deferred her departure from the Isle of Wight until next week, instead of leaving for Scotland yesterday (Friday) as expected. Her Majesty on Saturday took a short trip in the *Alberta* to bid farewell to the troops leaving in the *Malabar*, and, with the Duchess of Connaught and the Princesses Beatrice, Sophie, and Margaret, accompanied the troopship a short distance down the Solent. In the evening the Queen gave a small dinner-party, when Lady Abercromby, Sir T. and Lady Brassey, Major and Mrs. Egerton, Lord E. Clinton, the Rev. St. John Blunt, and Captain Edwards were the chief guests. Next morning Her Majesty and the Royal Family attended Divine Service at Osborne, where the Rev. St. John Blunt officiated, and on Monday the Duchess of Connaught left for town. During the afternoon the Queen inspected Mr. J. White's models of lifeboats, and a lifeboat bridge, and in the evening Colonels Mawbey and Bennett dined with Her Majesty. On Tuesday the Queen and Princess Beatrice visited Mrs. Prothero. The Queen will not visit the Duke of Buccleugh at Drumlanrig Castle until the end of next month.

The Prince and Princess of Wales and their family, travelling as Baron and Baroness Renfrew, arrived in Germany at the end of last week. After a calm passage to Flushing they spent a night at Cologne, and reached Wiesbaden on Saturday morning, where the King and Queen of Denmark and the King of Greece met them at the station, and accompanied them to the Hotel Bellevue. In the evening the Prince and Princess and their children dined with the Danish King and Queen, and next morning the Royal party attended Divine Service at the English Church. Subsequently the Prince of Wales left for Homburg, to take the waters, and in the evening dined with a large party of friends at the Kurhaus. The Prince is staying at a house on the Untere Promenade, and is out early every morning to drink from the Elizabeth spring. On Tuesday he accompanied the King of Greece to the Frankfort Races, and in the evening visited the Palmengarten. The Princess and her children remain for the present with the Danish Royal family at Wiesbaden, and on Tuesday the Royal party went to Rumpenheim, to attend the funeral of the little Princess Marie Polyxene, daughter of the Landgrave of Hesse, and cousin to the Princess of Wales. The Prince and Princess will return home at the end of next month, and will then go to Scotland.

The Duke and Duchess of Albany go to Preston the week after next to be present at the Guilds' Festival. During their stay they will visit Liverpool privately on the 4th prox., and subsequently on their way to join the Queen at Balmoral the Duke and Duchess will stay at Glasgow to inspect the Royal School of Art Needlework. The Duke has been slightly indisposed of late, and has taken little exercise while staying at Osborne, but the Duchess has been out frequently cruising in a steam launch.—Princess Louise takes advantage of the summer season at Quebec to sketch the surrounding scenery.—The Duchess of Connaught after a brief visit to town has now returned to the Isle of Wight, where she is staying at Osborne Cottage. She will shortly go to Scotland, and probably to Malta later.

The Empress of Germany has nearly recovered from her fall, which has had no serious results, although Her Majesty was much shaken and bruised.



THE DEATH OF THE BISHOP OF GRAHAMSTOWN, through an accident when driving, has deprived the Colonial Establishment of one of its soundest and most uncompromising Churchmen. Dr. Merriman, says the *Guardian*, "would never listen to any middle course, as to those he believed unsound in the faith, either avowedly or by implication." Educated at Oxford, where he took second-class honours in 1831, he was appointed Archdeacon of Grahamstown in 1847, and Bishop in 1871, in succession to Dr. Cotterill. When Curate of Street, in Somersetshire, he showed, says a correspondent, great cordiality to Dissenters, and at the Cape was almost as zealous a defender of native interests as his *bête noir*, the Bishop of Natal.

THE long-talked-of union of the benefices of St. Matthew, Friday Street, and St. Vedast, Foster Lane, is now a *fait accompli*. With the demolition of the former church, which will soon be taken in hand, will fall another, though by no means one of the finest, of the steadily diminishing group of Wren's City churches.

THE SALVATION ARMY.—"General" Booth defends his action in the case of "Captain" Smith on the ground that no officer must be permitted to imperil the conviction, which he says is growing up in the world, that the Salvation soldiers do not seek their own ends by consenting to receive a handsome present. "Captain" Smith, he declares, rebelled once before, though on that occasion he repented, and promised not to offend again. "Happy Joe," one of the erring "lieutenants," has surrendered his watch, and gone to Birmingham. The Army has extended its operations in Berkshire, where the Rector of Highclere held a special service for their benefit. The lessons of the day were read by Lord Carnarvon. At Salisbury the Army is now very popular, and has purchased the schools belonging to the Wesleys.

MR. MOODY, of Moody and Sankey fame, has concluded his nine months' campaign in Scotland with an address delivered at Dumfries. After a prolonged visit to the Continent, he will remain for some little time in England, and from thence return to America for good.

THE FRANCISCAN CHURCH IN ATHLONE has been the scene of a portent which promises to rival those of Knock. At the close of the sermon a light fell from the roof on the image of the Virgin, which was seen to roll its eyes and expand its hands as though in act to bless the congregation. Naturally the church has been crowded ever since, and miraculous cures have already taken place. A lame woman, brought to the spot in an invalid chair, recovered sufficiently to walk away without assistance.

A FREE DAY AT ST. PAUL'S.—Dean Church, in answer to a second letter from Mr. Howell, still maintains that it would be highly dangerous to throw open Dome and Galleries without restriction to an ugly rush of Monday sight-seers, and the surveyor to the Chapter supports the opinion of the Dean. Mr. Howell points in his reply to the many thousands who "pass and re-pass safely and without disorder" through the limited space in the Tower on a Bank Holiday. Might not the matter, as a well-known clergyman suggests, be left to the judgment of an independent engineer? It is something, at any rate, to know that there is no longer any disposition to insist on the "vested interests" of ancient fee-takers.

VENERABLE BISHOPS.—In British Guiana the other day there was an interesting ceremony—the presentation of a congratulatory

address from all the leading men of the Colony to Bishop Austin, in excusable anticipation of his completing the fortieth year of his episcopate on St. Bartholomew's Day, the 24th inst.—Wednesday, last week was the eighty-fourth anniversary of the birthday of the Bishop of Llandaff, the oldest prelate on the bench. But his Grace of Llandaff, though the older man, is some seven years Dr. Austin's junior as a bishop.

THE LAW AGAINST MARRYING A DECEASED WIFE'S SISTER was painfully illustrated, the other day at Penryn. A lady of that town who had married her brother-in-law abroad desired earnestly to be buried in her native place. In preparing for the funeral it was not remembered till the last moment that the marriage was illegal, and that the deceased could only be buried in her maiden name. The widow is said to have shown "his distraction" by following the hearse in a "brown coat, blue tie, white hat, and slippers," and the unfortunate lady was lowered into the grave without any ceremony.

BRITISH ROSIERES.—The Rev. Mr. Nugee, Provost of St. Austin's Priory, New Kent Road, still persists in his harmless efforts to introduce into British parishes the old French practice—better, perhaps, honoured now in the breach than in the observance—of the crowning of the Rosière. Last Saturday, at Beckenham, a new Rose Queen was elected by a jury of her fellows, and rewarded duly with a purse of gold; while "honourable mention" was made of two members of the ruder sex, of whom one had attended 265, and the other 560 Church Services within the year. The presentation of a purse of gold to a village maiden, presumably poor and admittedly respectable, is, perhaps, the one feature in the ceremony which can be viewed with unalloyed satisfaction.



BIRMINGHAM FESTIVAL.—This greatest of musical Festivals, properly so termed, begins its accustomed triennial celebration on the morning of Tuesday next. We say "greatest" advisedly; and with the proud conviction of our amateurs, that England is *not* the "unmusical country" which certain quidnuncs would fain have us believe, may amplify the phrase, to "greatest" at home or abroad—Germany and the Festivals of the Rhine taken into account. As such, indeed, it has been justly regarded ever since Mendelssohn brought out and conducted the memorable performance of his *Elijah* on the 26th of August, 1846, and as such, with equal right, esteemed from 1849, when the entire musical direction was vested in the hands of Mr. (now Sir Michael) Costa, who has honourably maintained it until now, and whose despotic rule has been used exclusively for good. A detailed history of the rise and progress of the Birmingham Festival would at this time be superfluous. From a comparatively unimportant beginning, more than a century past (1768), when the first Festival was held in aid of the General Hospital, the profits derived from which enabled the committee to hand over 299*l.* to the Fund, it has gradually risen, step by step, to the exceptionally high position it now occupies, benefiting Charity and Art in equal measures. Its contributions to the hospitals are now reckoned by thousands instead of by hundreds; and scarcely a meeting is on record the programme of which does not contain some new works, sacred and secular, either written expressly for Birmingham, or—like the *Lobgesang* and Piano-forte Concerto in D minor of Mendelssohn (the first conducted the second performed by the great composer himself)—previously unheard among us. The prospectus of the coming celebration exhibits even a larger variety of attraction than that of 1879. The managing directors, as in honour bound, devote the morning of the first day to Mendelssohn's *Elijah*. This glorious work, the essence of modern oratorio in its dramatic significance, is unlikely to be superseded—notwithstanding the incessant denunciations of a certain school, whose sworn disciples would gladly put Liszt's *Christus* in the place of Handel's *Messiah*, which, going from the New Testament to the Old, would be equivalent to substituting the worship of Baal for that of Jehovah, the prophets of the grove for the ministers of the true religion. Meyerbeer once said of the zealous militant who, since his death, have congregated at the shrine of the Bayreuth Oracle, with Abbé Liszt as recognised chief—"These gentlemen would not only, if it was in their power, commit our works to the fire but our bodies also." Of course the much-reviled composer of the *Huguenots* spoke in metaphor, roused by the fierce objurgations of Wagner and Wagnerians against himself in particular and his Art-manifestations in general. Happily there is little danger for *Elijah*, which has been given on every occasion at Birmingham since the Festival of 1846, and most probably will be repeated, Festival after Festival, until the first and second Bayreuthiads, with all their attendant hubbub and vain boastings have passed into oblivion. A fine—perhaps, in the circumstances, unusually fine—execution of *Elijah*, with Costa as the animating spirit, may be looked for with undisturbed complacency. Sir Michael was always a staunch Mendelssohnian, as he has triumphantly proved over and over again. On the evening of Tuesday one of the leading promised novelties, in the shape of a secular cantata, entitled *Graciella*, from the pen of Sir Julius Benedict, will be produced. *Graciella* was originally intended for the Norwich Festival of last autumn, when, after having been conductor since 1845, Benedict handed over the baton to Signor Randegger. On the other hand, not to be entirely dissociated from the city for which he had done so much in a musical way, Benedict pledged himself to furnish a new cantata for the occasion, but was prevented by severe and protracted indisposition from completing it in time. Such a treasure was not, however, to be lost to the world of art; and so the Managing Committee of Birmingham, much to their credit, applied for and obtained it for their Festival. *Graciella* alone will suffice to endow the first evening concert with a special value, and the performance acquire additional interest from the fact that it is to be superintended by the veteran composer himself. This rule, in fact, applies generally to the new works, which, without exception, will be conducted by their respective composers, Sir Michael Costa limiting his inestimable aid to the known masterpieces and the personal supervision of the entire musical proceedings. For Wednesday morning we are promised the great novelty of the Festival—M. Gounod's long contemplated oratorio, *The Redemption*. About this work, its scope and purport, much has already been printed in the columns of our London daily and weekly contemporaries, to say nothing of the Birmingham papers—so much, in short, as to absolve us, even did our space permit, from a description *in extenso*. M. Gounod, nevertheless, who has compiled and edited his own text (the English translation of which, in prose and verse, is due to the Rev. J. Troutbeck) may be allowed to say a word for himself. His work, he tells us, "is a lyrical setting forth of the three great facts on which depends the existence of the Christian Church... the Passion and Death of the Saviour; His glorious life on earth, from the Resurrection to the Ascension; and the spread of Christianity through the medium of the Apostles." This trilogy, we are further advised, is preceded by an introduction, or "Prologue," treating of the Creation, the fall of our first parents, and the promise of a Redeemer. In another note M. Gounod informs us that he wrote the words in the winter of 1867-8, at Rome, where he composed two

musical pieces only—the *March to Calvary*, which opens Part I. of the Trilogy, and the commencement of the first division of the third part ("Pentecost.")

Thus some twelve years of a by no means inactive or uneventful career have—with occasional interruptions dependent upon labours in another sphere of Art—been devoted to the consideration and gradual completion of this, M. Gounod's last important effort. Twelve years, however, will not have been unprofitably spent should results justify the high aspiration of the poet-composer. What are the intrinsic merits of *The Redemption*, what its chance of a success worthy the pen to which we owe *Faust*, *Mireille* (that singularly unappreciated opera), *Romeo et Juliette*, and so many productions of acknowledged distinction, remains for proof. M. Gounod himself is said to regard it as the work of his life, the work upon which he relies for the perpetuation of his name; and this alone should weigh heavily in the balance. All we can add just now is, that in form and spirit it is quite original, differing in these essentials from any and every "oratorio," so called, with which we are acquainted. For the actual (we do not presume to say the final) test we must look to the performance next Tuesday in Birmingham Town Hall. To the remaining advertised novelties a bare allusion must at present suffice. Foremost among them may be named a new secular cantata by Herr Niels Gade, "worthiest of worthy Danes," as he has been styled, whose merit, discovered by the always observant Mendelssohn, in 1843, was soon generally recognised, and who has laboured earnestly since then to verify what Mendelssohn predicted. The favourable reception awarded to Gade's sacred cantata, *Zion*, at the Festival of 1876, justifies a hope that his *Psyche*, which is to engross the first part of Thursday evening's concert, may be entitled to an equal measure of praise. That the subject of this cantata is built upon the beautiful Greek myth of Psyche and Eros will be readily divined. Yet another important novelty is a sacred cantata, entitled *The Holy City*, the composition of a talented local musician, who has drawn his materials, with the exception of two hymns, and a verse from Milton ("List the Cherub Host in Thousand Chords"), entirely from Scripture, and to a certain extent from *Revelations*. The choice of this work has afforded more than ordinary satisfaction to the Birmingham people, by whom Mr. Gaul is highly esteemed. Add to the foregoing a new orchestral symphony in G major by Mr. Hubert Parry, so well rendered at the Crystal Palace, and an orchestral serenade in the same key by Mr. Villiers Stanford, no less highly rated by the lovers of good music at Cambridge, and it must be admitted that new compositions are rather the rule than the exception. That in other respects the programme should be made attractive depended exclusively upon Sir Michael Costa, who, as usual, has justified the confidence reposed in him. We have no room left for details, but may simply mention that while the imperishable *Messiah* holds the place of honour on Thursday morning, Beethoven's *Mount of Olives*, Mozart's incomparable G minor symphony, Mr. F. H. Cowen's graceful *Suite de Ballet* (*The Language of Flowers*), and other good things of their kind too numerous to specify, are comprised in the general arrangements. With the same experienced chief in control, it need scarcely be added that a numerous orchestra, chosen from the most practised executants (M. Sainton leading violin) has been secured. About the magnificent chorus, inseparable from the Birmingham Festivals, it is unnecessary to say a word. The list of solo singers, including Mesdames Albani and Marie Roze, Misses E. Farnol and Anna Williams (sopranos), Mesdames Patey and Trebelli (contraltos), Messrs. E. Lloyd, W. H. Cummings, and Joseph Maas (tenors), Messrs. Santley, F. King, and Foli (basses), is as powerful and efficient as could be desired. Mr. Stockley, according to custom, is chorus-master (an abler it would be difficult to find), and the veteran Mr. Stimpson organist. We should have stated that *The Redemption* is not only to be given on Wednesday morning, but a second time on Friday evening. From all credited accounts the Birmingham Festival of 1882 promises to be one of the most successful on record.



THE TURF.—The attractions of the York Meeting, this week, have had the usual effect of drawing many from their shootings in Scotland, from their yachts, and from foreign parts, but it can hardly be said that the sport came up to general expectation. The fields ran small, and anything like sensational racing was not to be seen. Colonel Forester seems to be doing pretty well with The Shaker, as she won the Zetland Stakes for him, but she could not follow up her success in the Lonsdale Plate with her 10 lbs. penalty, Glasgow, who was but little fancied, turning out the winner, while the favourite, Downpour, ran second. Lord Falmouth started Dutch Oven against two others for the Yorkshire Oaks, and with 2 to 1 on her she beat her opponents in a common canter, and consequently improved her position in the St. Leger market. It may be noted that Actress, who created a sensation by beating St. Marguerite at Goodwood, was one of her antagonists, and ran second. No mistake was made about Antler for the Breeders' Stakes for Two-Year-Olds, as, with odds on him, he easily beat his field of four, among whom was the Lady Newby filly. The Prince of Wales's Stakes—another two-year-old event—was won, as anticipated, by Lord Falmouth's Galliard; and Whinblossom had only Sophist to beat in the Ebor St. Leger. The Great Ebor Handicap, for which Prestonpans had ruled a warm favourite for some days before the race, produced a field of nine, and Mr. Gretton's horse, on the strength of his performances during the recent Sussex fortnight, maintained his market position to the start, when his quotation was 10 to 6 against. He made, however, no show in the race, which was won by that sterling good animal, Victor Emmanuel, who carried 9st. Baliol was second, and Ishmael third.—It is rumoured that it is the intention of Lord Falmouth to enter no more animals for two-year-old events. If he carries this into effect, we may expect that before long we shall see a return to the policy advocated by Sir Joseph Hawley, whereby the early running of two-year-olds was not permitted before the first of July. This was afterwards modified by the Jockey Club, but it may now be hoped that wiser counsel will reassert itself.—A Company has been formed, with a very influential directorate, for the establishment of a new County Racecourse and Club for Leicester, the old course being in the process of transformation into a park for the public. The new venture will be on the lines of those of Sandown, Kempton, and similar institutions, which now seem to be the fashion.—Shotover is now an equal favourite for the St. Leger with Geheimnis at 5 to 2 each; Quicklime has fallen back a little; Sweetbread continues steady. There seems to be little or no talk of coming outsiders.

CRICKET.—Gloucestershire has to a very great extent recovered its prestige by beating Yorkshire at Cheltenham in one innings with 45 runs to spare. The great feature of the Gloucestershire innings was the score of 71 made by W. W. Pullen, a lad only two months over sixteen years of age, who has just left the Long Ashton Grammar School. His county may be congratulated on such an acquisition.—At Clifton, Gloucestershire has met Nottinghamshire,

and in the first innings scored 118, to which Notts replied with 109. Gloucestershire then got 146, but unfortunately the rain necessitated a draw at a very interesting point.—Lancashire has beaten Kent by 204 runs at Mote Park, Maidstone, the home county in its second innings only managing to put together 51 runs.—Through the rain Middlesex was robbed of a victory over Nottinghamshire, the game having to be drawn.—The defeat at the Oval of Surrey by Lancashire was a foregone conclusion. Crossland's bowling for Lancashire was very deadly to the Surrey men; and much adverse comment was made on what many hold to be its unfairness.—But the match which has created the greatest interest since our last "Notes" has been that between the Australians and a combined Eleven of Past and Present Cantabs. The latter made 196 in their first innings, Mr. Thornton's 45 being the best score. To this the Australians answered with 141, and 152 represented the second innings of Cambridge. Thus the Colonials had 208 to get to win, but they failed to get them, and were beaten by just 20 runs. It is certainly satisfactory for English cricketers that within a week the Australians should have been beaten by two entirely distinct teams, the one exclusively professional, and the other exclusively amateur. The England v. Australia match will commence at the Oval on Monday next.

AQUATICS.—The withdrawal of Mr. Lowndes left the Wingfield Sculls (Amateur Championship) to be contested for by Mr. A. Payne, of the Moulsey Boat Club, and Mr. W. R. Grove, of the London R.C. The race came off over the Thames Championship Course on Monday last, Payne being the favourite at the start, and winning at his ease by ten lengths.—The annual four-oared race of the compositors on the various daily papers came off on Saturday last, the course being from Putney to Hammersmith. Only three crews competed, which finished in the following order:—*Daily Telegraph*, 1; *Daily News*, 2; *Daily Chronicle*, 3.

BICYCLING.—A most exciting match of twenty miles was ridden on Tuesday last at the Crystal Palace between the well-known performers J. Keen and G. Waller. Keen won by half a yard in 1 hour 5 min. 48 3/5 sec.

SWIMMING.—The One Mile Amateur Championship, the most important swimming contest of the year, has been decided in the Edgbaston Reservoir, Birmingham. There were thirteen starters, and the finish was left to J. P. Taylor of Newcastle, the previous holder of the Championship for two years, and E. C. Daniels, of the North London S.C. The race produced one of the most exciting struggles ever witnessed in a mile contest, Taylor eventually winning by ten yards in 32 min. 38 sec.



THE AGRICULTURAL RETURNS just published show that in Great Britain, this year, 3,003,915 acres are under wheat, 2,255,139 under barley, 2,833,815 under oats, 541,064 under potatoes, and 65,676 under hops. The wheat acreage shows a material increase, which is considered mainly due to the fine autumn and winter enabling farmers to get their seed well into the ground. Barley shows an acreage diminished to the serious extent of 8 per cent. from 1881. This is to be attributed in the first place to the change of the Government duty from malt to beer; and in the second place to the small proportion of good malting samples yielded by the harvests of 1879, 1880, and 1881. Both these causes have resulted in a depression in the market value of barley so serious as to make many growers "reconsider their position." The area under oats varies but little. This may be put down to the fact that a very large proportion of the acreage under oats will not grow any other cereal. The steady consumptive demand in Scotland also tends to give us from year to year a level acreage of oats. The acreage under potatoes is smaller than usual. We suppose that fear of the disease affecting this tuber disposes a certain number of farmers to abandon it. Hops are a smaller acreage than in 1880, but a larger acreage than in 1881. Some farmers will wish they had no hop-grounds this year. The numbers of live stock in Great Britain are as follows: Cattle, 5,807,591; sheep and lambs, 24,318,778; pigs 2,510,374. The increase in the number of pigs is quite phenomenal, amounting to 22.6 per cent. in a single year. Cattle and sheep show an unfortunate diminution. But for the prolific lambing season this spring, the return of sheep would have shown a most serious diminution. The increase in the number of lambs, however, has been 309,000. Returns of horses are not yet published.

THE HARVEST has made very fair progress during the past ten days. In certain districts rainfall has exceeded the average, but this has not been the case all over the country. Wheat seems to be over an average crop in the Isle of Thanet, and in a few favoured districts of each of the home counties. Generally in South-Eastern England it is a "nice" crop, of fair quality and bulk, not very heavy, nor very light. In some damp and low parts of Western and Midland shires there is mildew, but generally in these districts the first fortnight of August ripened the corn well, kindly-nourished and sturdy ears are the rule, and farmers are now busy ingathering what they expect will thresh out quite an average crop. In the North the fields are not yet touched, as a rule. They have a warm golden tint which is very reassuring. That the barley crop is a variable one no one denies. A few samples of fair malting quality have been shown at markets, but the ruling opinion still is that the crop will hardly prove an average, either in quality or in bulk. Although the three cereals are frequently being cut altogether, yet, generally speaking, barley is the latest crop this year. The abundance of oats is a good thing in a year when Indian corn is exceptionally dear. Fully 10 per cent. above an average yield of oats is looked for.

NEW ENGLISH WHEAT has already found its level, and is selling at moderate prices. The first lots sold in Lincolnshire fetched 60*s.*, but at London 54*s.* was about the highest price asked, and that more than a week ago. At Canterbury 45*s.* to 50*s.* was the range of value on Saturday last, and this may be taken as the opening price of the new cereal year. The condition of the new wheat is rather unsatisfactory, and millers are generally waiting for drier samples. The offerings of new corn are still small even in Kent and Sussex, and few farmers appear to be in a hurry to thresh.

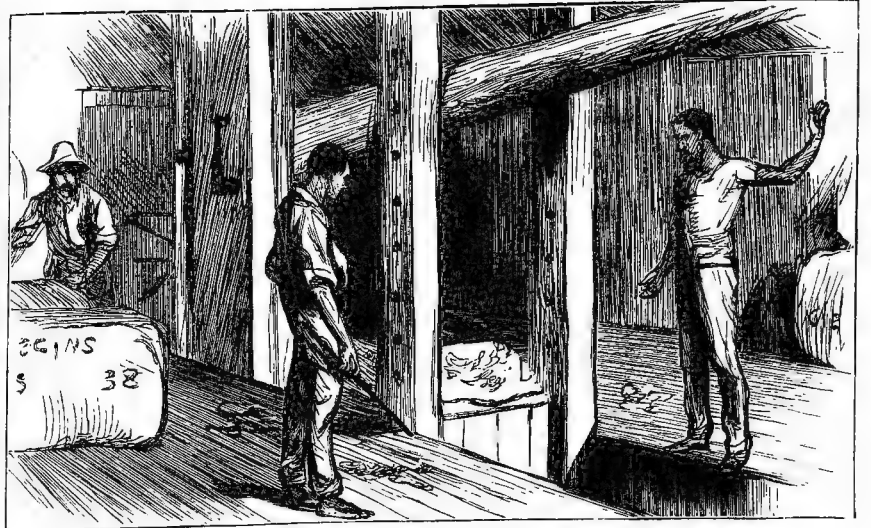
ROOTS AND TUBERS.—Although generally well planted the mangolds have not made satisfactory progress this season. The swede crop promises well, and has been unusually free from insect pests. We wish we could say the same of turnips. In some districts, indeed, they have done well, but in Scotland, especially in those parts where they are most extensively grown, they threaten to be a serious failure. The early varieties of potatoes have turned out well, and among the later sorts disease does not now appear to be spreading.

THE FARMER OF PASTURES is doing fairly well. Breeding flocks of sheep have paid above the average. Meat of all kinds is dear, and for once in a way the farmer really seems to be getting his fair share of the profit. The low price of wool detracts from the profits on sheep, for the very best short wool is seldom sold for more than 1*s.* 3*d.*, while good lustre wools frequently go as low as

(Continued on page 214)



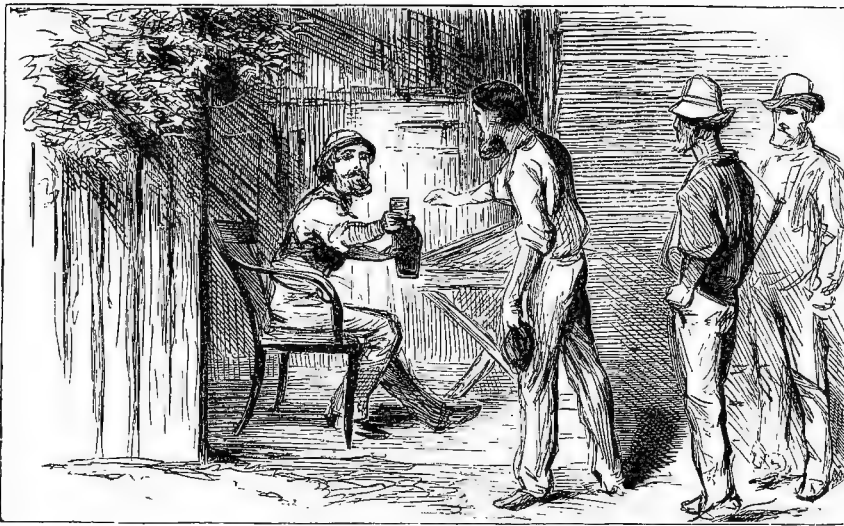
SHEARING



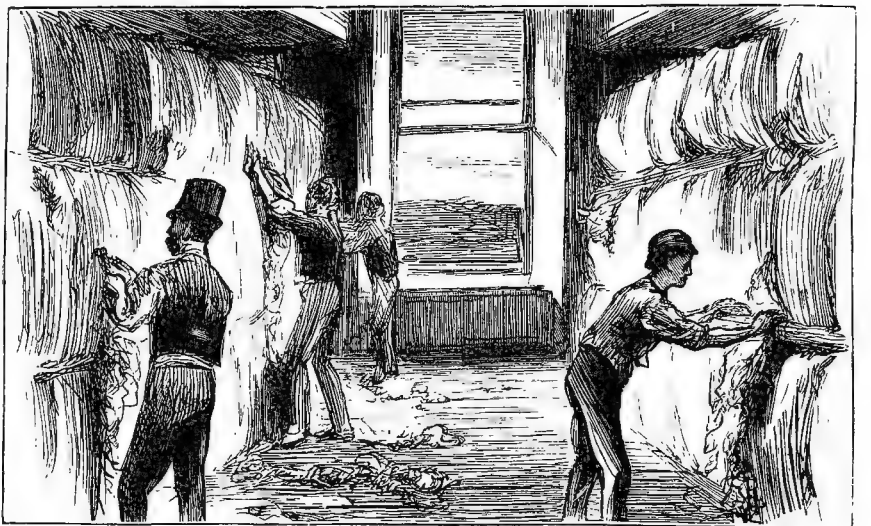
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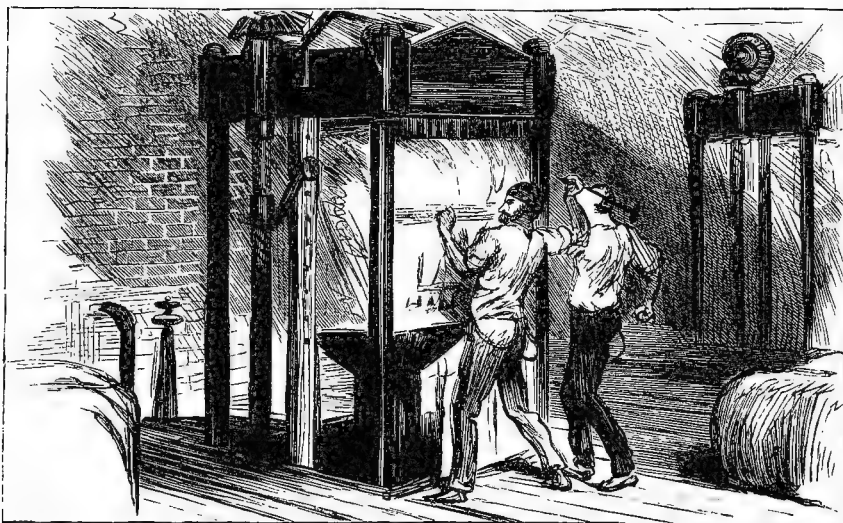
ON THE ROAD DOWN



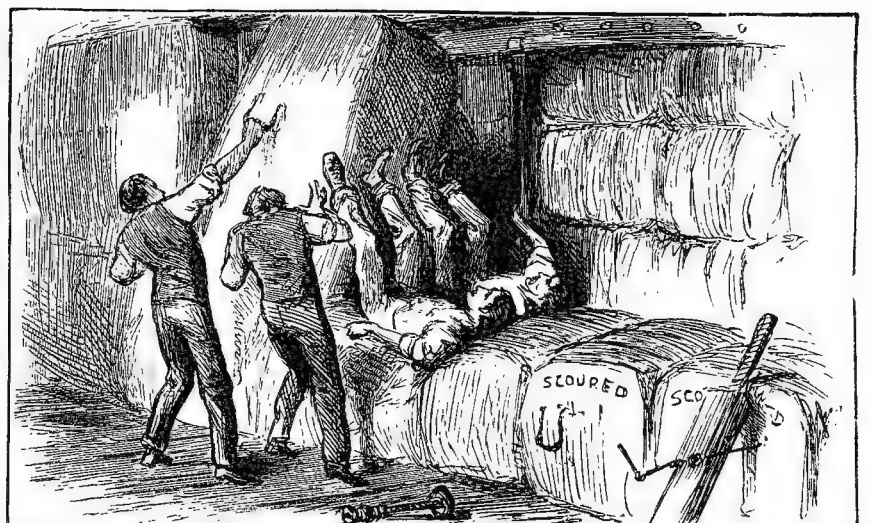
PAYING OFF THE SHEARERS



SAMPLING

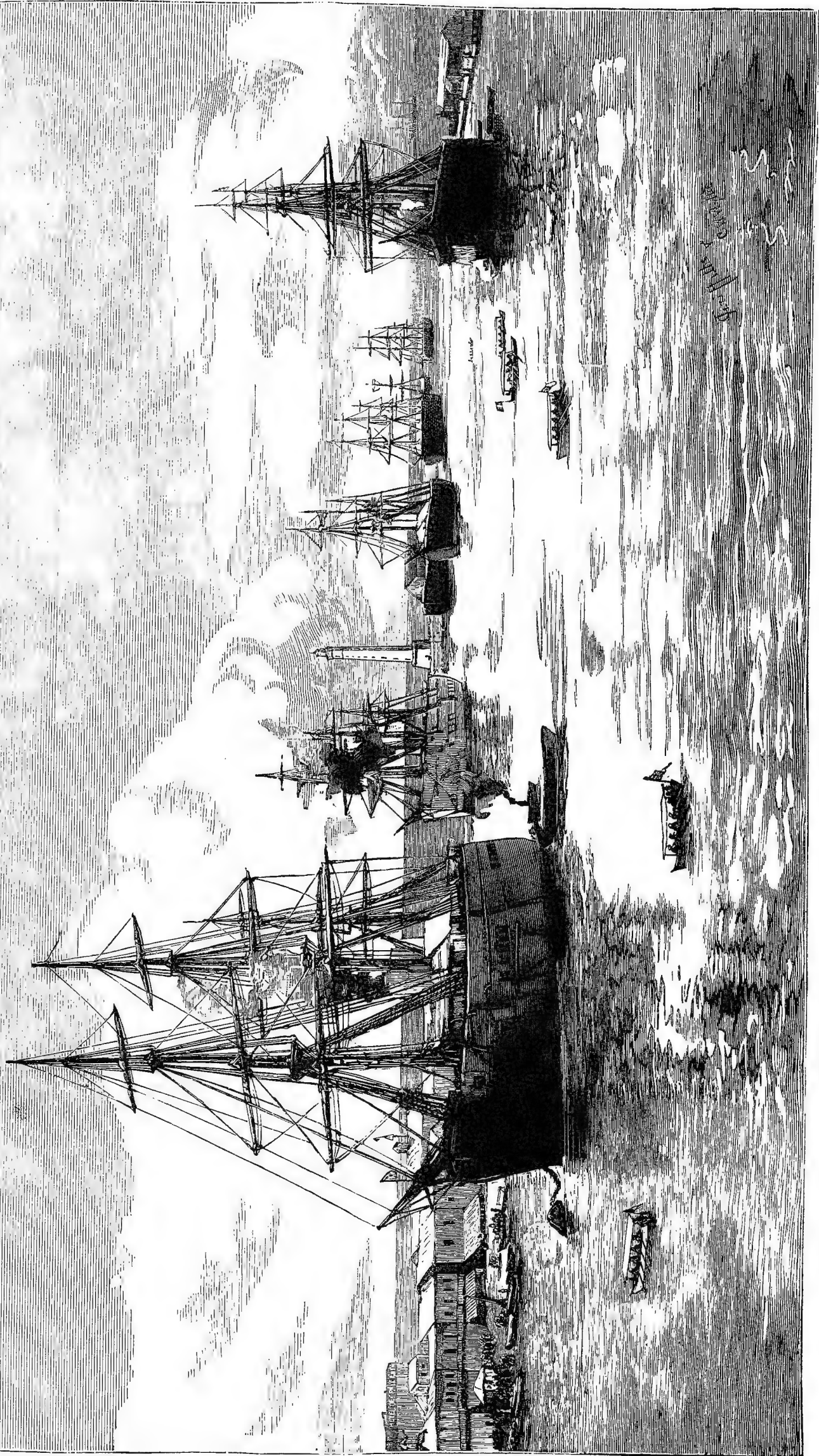


DUMPING (RIVETTING THE HOOPS)



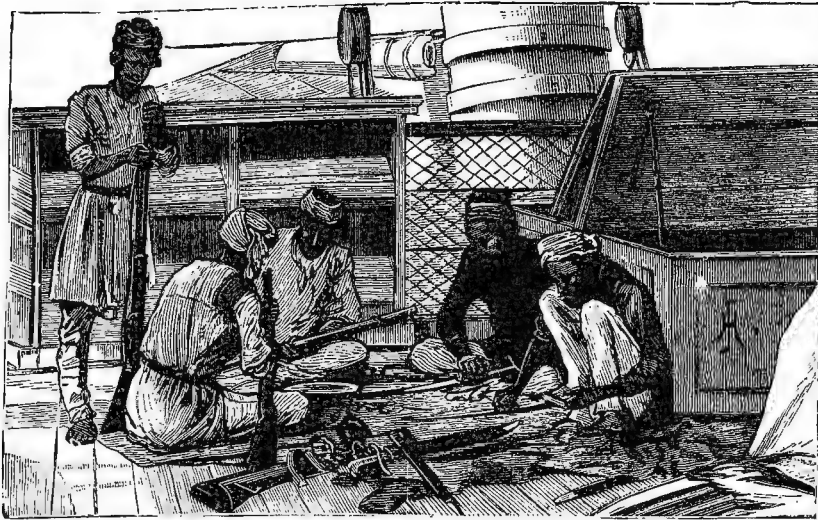
STOWING ON BOARD SHIP

THE WOOL INDUSTRY IN AUSTRALIA



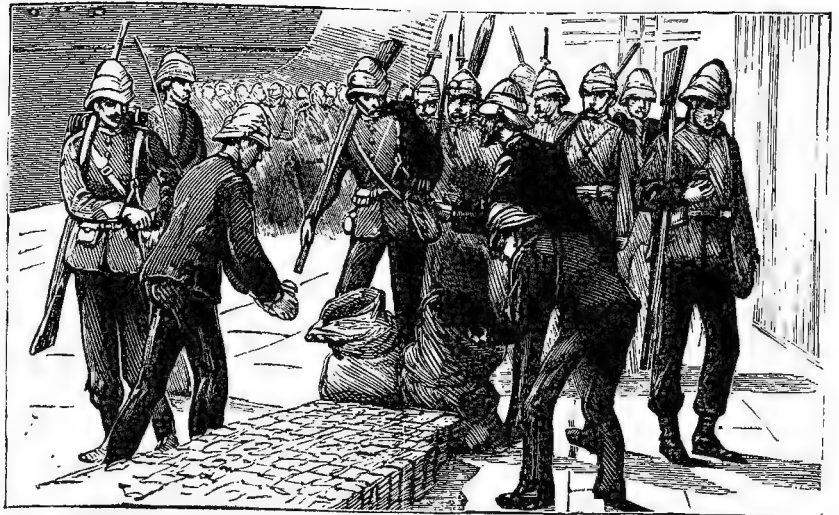
THE DEFENCES OF THE SUEZ CANAL—IRONCLADS AT PORT SAID ON THE FOURTEENTH OF AUGUST
FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. HERBERT JOHNSON

“Monarch”
French Admiral’s Flagship
French Ironclad
“Tourmaline”
Russian Ironclad
“Penelope” (Admiral Hoskins’ Flagship)



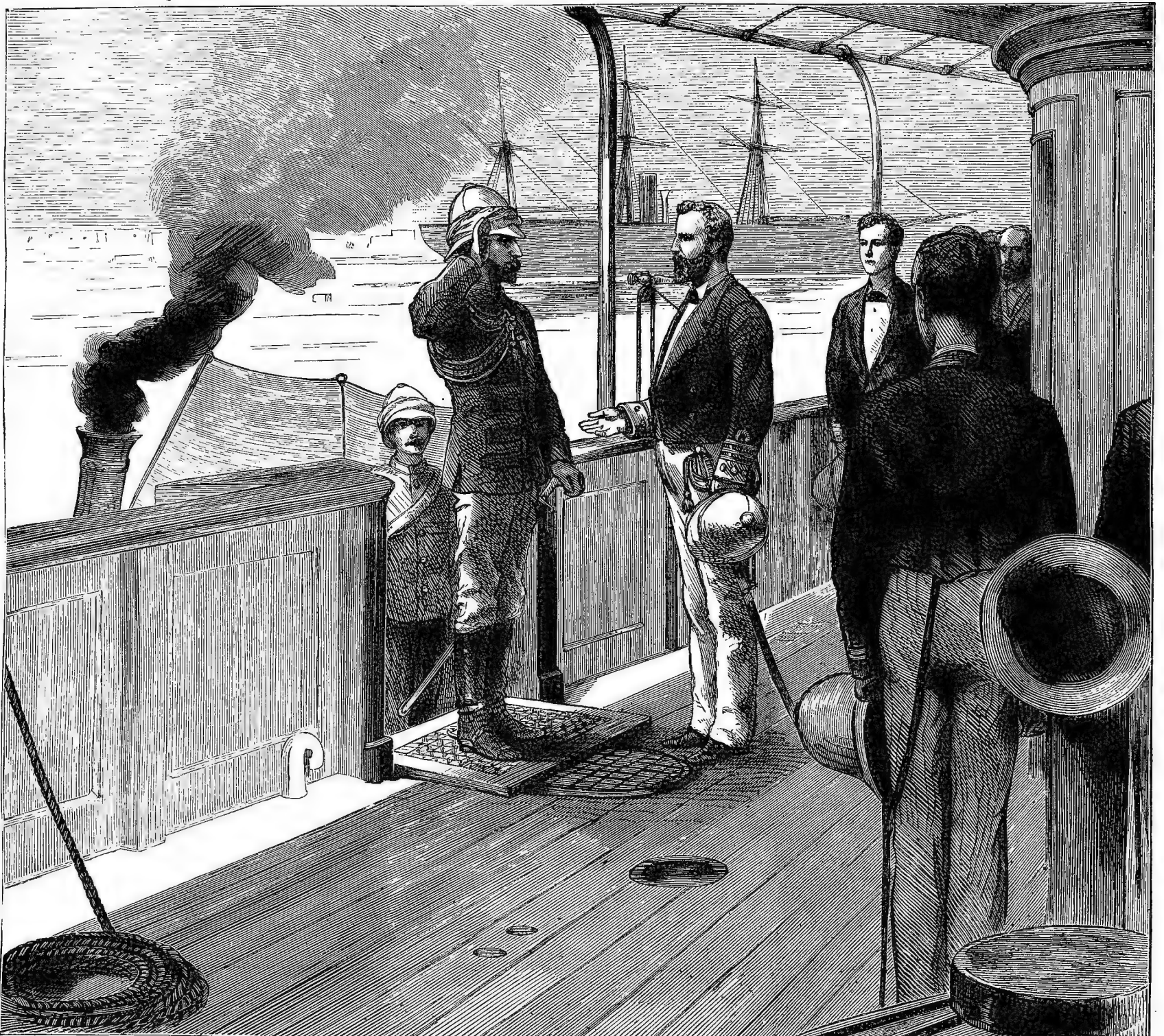
A P. AND O. BOAT PREPARING TO ENTER THE SUEZ CANAL—LASCARS CLEANING ARMS ON THE UPPER DECK

From a Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. Herbert Johnson.



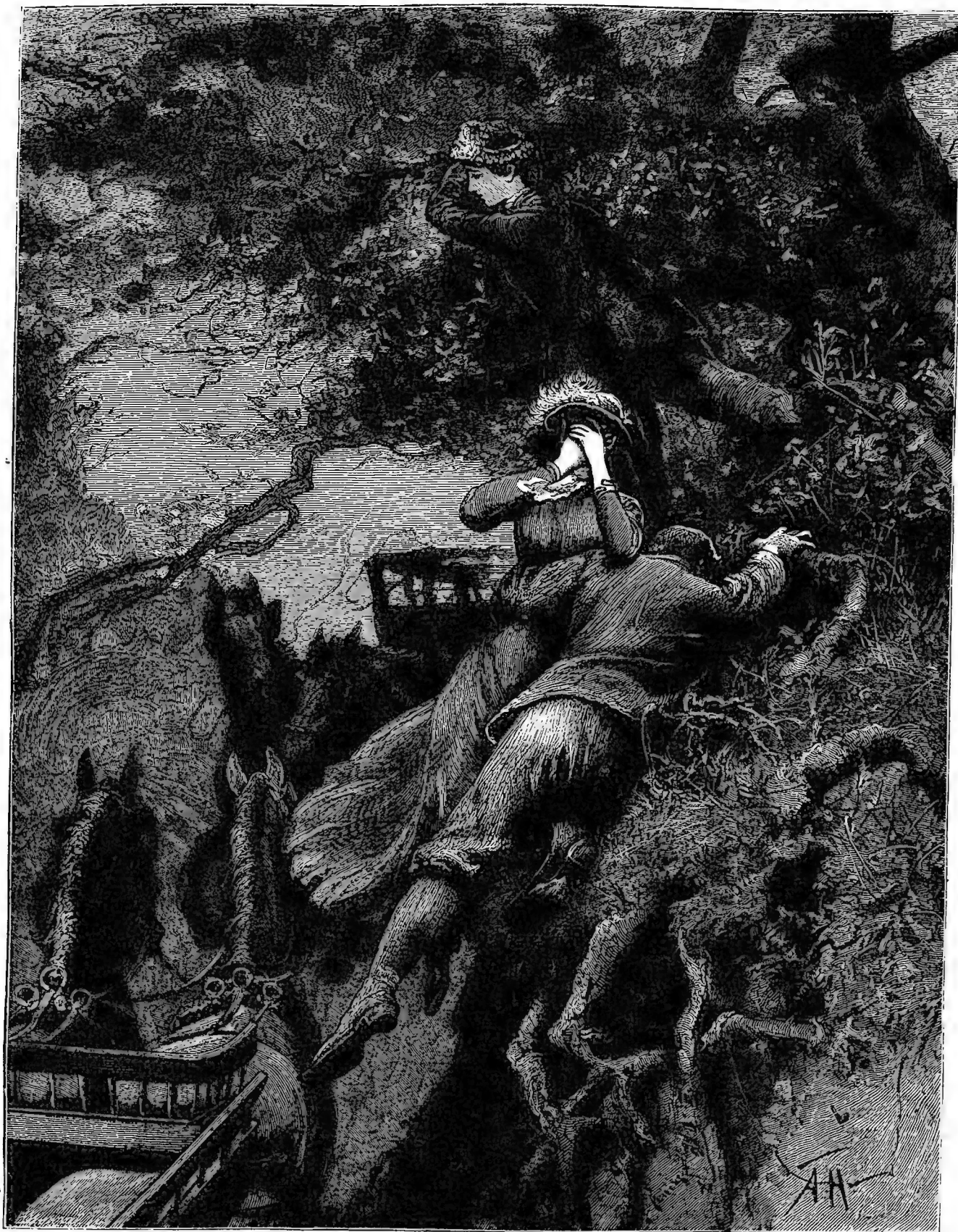
THE LANDING OF THE GRENADIER GUARDS AT ALEXANDRIA—SERVING OUT BISCUITS AND BALL CARTRIDGE

From a Sketch by Our Special Artist, Mr. F. Villiers



ARRIVAL OF THE SCOTS GUARDS AT ALEXANDRIA—MAJOR-GENERAL H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT REPORTING HIMSELF TO ADMIRAL SIR BEAUCHAMP SEYMOUR ON BOARD THE "HELICON"

From a Sketch by Our Special Artist, Mr. F. Villiers



DRAWN BY ARTHUR HOPKINS

Hugging her to his breast, he leapt not at the branch, but at the bank itself.

KIT—A MEMORY

By JAMES PAYN,

AUTHOR OF "LOST SIR MASSINGBERD," "BY PROXY," "HIGH SPIRITS," "UNDER ONE ROOF," "A GRAPE FROM A THORN," &c.

CHAPTER XVII.

HART-LEAP HILL

THE suggestion of Mr. Garston that his young people should mix with the Meades and Medways upon the old footing, as if nothing had happened to make him count them as enemies, met with no obstruction. The impression Kit had produced at the Dovecote on the morning of his last visit had been distinctly favourable to him; and though their opinion of his character remained perhaps much the same, both the doctor and his son felt that, in the matter of the alleged robbery, they had done him wrong in placing him in the same condemnation as his father. A word or two dropped by Trenna on this point even produced in Frank a feeling of remorse; and in his endeavour to express regret he had perhaps never shown himself more friendly to her brother than at this very time, when, acting on the Doctor's instructions, Mr. Tennant was sharpening his weapons for an onslaught upon the master of the Grey House. Mr. Garston's remark, in short, that the whole affair was a matter for judge and jury, seemed to be accepted in its literal sense, and all parties concerned to agree to leave it exclusively to their decision.

At the Knoll, so far from suffering for the offence of their father, Christopher Garston and sister were received with even a warmer welcome than before. In the case of the former, in particular, it seemed that Mark could not do enough to express his unabated affection and complete understanding of his friend's position. Good

taste of course prevented his inveighing against Mr. Garston's obstinacy (to which they attributed the attorney's persistent belief in Abel's guilt in the face of facts), and a natural delicacy prevented his ever alluding to him. What he principally spoke of to Kit now, instead of discussing such matters as had previously formed the staple of their conversation, and some of which—antiquities and county history, for example—Kit was wont to throw himself into for his friend's sake rather than his own, was the coming term at Cambridge, for it had been quite decided that Mark was to return with Kit to college. He looked forward to it, of course, as most young men of spirit do, with pleasure; but what perhaps pleased him most was the reflection that it would afford him a still more frequent and closer intimacy with Kit himself.

Never was the phrase "there is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother" more applicable than in Mark's case, and it would have been untrue and unfair to Kit to say that the attachment was not reciprocated. The difference lay not so much in the fact that the one had many other things to think of besides friendship, and the other very few, but that what occupied Kit's mind could not always be confided to his friend, nor indeed to any one else; whereas Mark bared his very heart to the eyes of Kit. Kit knew as well as Mark himself how the latter loved his mother and Maud; how he looked on Trenna as a second sister; with what affection he regarded Frank (for he showed this without a suspicion of the jealousy it excited in the other's breast); and the high regard in which he held

Mr. Penryn and the Doctor. Mark's world was very small—piteously small as some would think; in this he was almost like a child; but there was recompense in it, as Kit himself was well aware.

Life, like a dome of many-coloured glass,
Stains the white radiance of Eternity;

and the more one sees of Life, in its conventional sense, the more it is apt to stain the white radiance of humanity. Thanks to his somewhat exceptional circumstances, aided by good principles and a fine disposition, Mark Medway was almost stainless—a qualification as I once heard a clergyman (and not an Irish one either) observe from the pulpit, to be made in the case of "nine hundred and ninety-nine women out of a thousand, and a still greater proportion of men."

It is but seldom that those whose regard for their own belongings is so strongly developed have much affection for outsiders, but in this respect Mark was an exception. His two friends were as dear to him as though they had been of his own blood, while one of them—Christopher Garston—was a friend, and something more. Except that both Mark and he were grown men, and each possessed of mature and vigorous intelligence (albeit of a widely different kind) the attachment between them resembled that of a small boy and the "Cock of the School." Every one has witnessed some example of it, and not a few have experienced it. The love of Smith *minor* for Brown *major* is the idyll of scholastic life. Only by the time Smith had become Smith *major* himself, the illusion commonly vanishes,

and when they both meet afterwards on the boards of real life Brown as often as not plays an inferior part, and Smith wonders to himself how he could have ever taken such a mere "super" for his hero. In Mark's eyes, on the contrary, Kit still kept his pre-eminence, and, so far as wit and genial grace could earn it, deserved it. In Lamartine's best poem ("The Buonaparte") he speculates, while admitting the failings of that "Scourge of God," whether genius itself may not be a virtue; and, when one considers from outside certain highly attractive personages of one's own acquaintance, one is almost tempted to agree with him. Poor Kit—so far as we know—had nothing of the Napoleon about him, but it must be confessed that he had won his way into Mark's affections without the aid of virtue; and there must have been something, one would think, besides alloy, in a magnet that had thus attracted a heart as true as steel.

Just now, when his own home was less agreeable to Christopher even than usual, and when his father—having schemes on hand of which his son could only express disapproval—showed no great desire for his presence, the two young men were thrown together a good deal.

On one occasion the young people—that is to say Trenna, Maud, and Frank, as well as their two selves—organised a picnic to Polwith Point; Mrs. Medway was indisposed, and unable at the last minute to accompany them, but among such old friends a chaperone was not indispensable, so that they drove thither alone. The whole five were as merry as children at a school feast, and, having arrived at their destination, betook themselves to various diversions.

Frank, who had brought his geological hammer, chipped the rocks; he was one of those enviable persons who derive a satisfaction from recognising the "marks of an upheaval" invisible to the unlearned eye, and "the action of fire" where there is not so much as an ember.

Mark discoursed upon the probable use and intention of rocking stones—of which there was a splendid specimen in the locality—and Kit provoked him by remarks on "the cradles of the human race," and other suggestions not wholly of a scientific kind. He ridiculed Pliny's remarks upon Rocking Stones; "Lay one finger on it and it will stir, but thrust it with your whole body and it will not move;" and when Mark quoted Ptolemy Hephestion, "It can only be raised with the stalk of the asphodel," he proudly offered to effect a similar miracle with his umbrella. Yet all the time Kit never angered Mark, but the contrary; such a winning way he had with him (where men liked him to begin with) and such a manner of disagreeing as was more agreeable than other men's assent.

The two girls, having laid out the lunch upon the promontory, whence the wind very superfluously carried their salt into the sea, applied themselves, the one to sketching in water-colours, the other to Art criticism in rose. At their mid-day meal the little party re-united with the punctuality of clockwork. At pic-nics people are always punctual; the fresh air quickens their appetites, and there is a secret apprehension that there may be nothing left for a late comer. It is the absence of this wholesome fear, joined to natural selfishness and egotism, that makes folks late for ordinary dinner parties. They can contrive to be in time for their railway trains, though not for their hosts; and then the wretches have had afternoon tea and are not hungry.

To persons of middle age and mature intelligence, a meal in the open air seems a mistake. The absence of chairs, though the Romans put up with it, is a serious inconvenience to the stout-made Briton; but in youth he can eat anyhow.

That pic-nic on Polwith Point, with the blue sea hundreds of feet beneath them, the stately ships passing on their noiseless way so close, as it seemed, in the clear air that one could toss a biscuit on to their decks, and with the sea-gulls wheeling and whining above their heads, was something to be remembered. How little we think, amid such scenes and company, that the day's glad doings are being impressed on the retina of the mind to be reproduced perhaps to our misery, when, through cruel contrast, every pleasure shall inflict a pang, and when by Death, or worse, by evil change, Joy, mixed with vain Regret, becomes Despair!

As exercise had been recommended by the faculty for Mark (who, being a wise as well as a learned man, detested it), it had been secretly arranged between his mother and Kit that the latter should return home with him on foot. The plot was easier to carry out than most conspiracies, for Kit had only to express a determination to walk home alone to secure Mark, though not, it is true, without protest. So Frank, nothing unwilling, was left in charge of the young ladies and the waggonette.

The vehicle, with two strong horses, had come from the livery stables at Mogadon, for Mrs. Medway—and small blame to her—did not approve of her pet ponies being taken to Polwith. The road was a rough one, even in summer, lying partly over the breezy moor, partly among those deep-sunk Cornish lanes, which bring home to one the practicability of the flying leap taken by Commodore Truncheon over the head of the waggoner.

"Oh, Frank," cried Trenna, as they bowled along the moor, "let us go back by Hart-Leap Hill" (she had been in better spirits throughout the day than usual, and made her appeal with heightened colour and sparkling eyes); "the view from the top this evening will be so glorious."

"The view?" hesitated Frank, turning round in remonstrance, and not displeased that there was need of it; it was pleasant to him to have the excuse of arguing with the earnest beauty. "But think of the road! It is almost as steep as the side of a house, and what is worse, as narrow as the gutter. Gin a body meet a body—"

"For shame, sir, Maud, just speak to Frank."

"Nothing would give me greater pleasure," said Frank the audacious, assuming an attitude of rapt attention. For Maud, with her fair face aglow with pleasure and the breeze, was likewise a charming spectacle. Her expression, if not so thoughtful as that of her friend, was even more animated.

"Speak to him! That I never shall demean myself by doing again unless he takes us up Hart-Leap Hill," she said.

"There, sir," said Trenna, triumphantly.

"But my dear girls—"

"What impudence!" they exclaimed, both together.

"Well, 'girls' then. You can't be grown women to propose such a scheme. The hill is a half mile long, and if so much as a gig should be coming down it—with one accord they turned their backs upon him in contemptuous silence, and gazed with affected interest upon the two black specks on the horizon—to which Mark and Kit had been by this time reduced. "Well, since you have set your minds upon it," he continued, "I'll chance it."

"The golden opportunity of obliging two young ladies this gentleman calls 'chance,'" observed Trenna severely. "I wonder what he calls good fortune."

"I should call it good fortune if we get up Hart-Leap Hill without meeting anything," laughed Frank in great good humour. He had never before seen Trenna in so gay a mood; the high spirits of youth are contagious, and as to Maud, the moorland brook beside them had no ripple more fresh than her laughter, no sparkle more bright than her smile.

Now they dip into the valley and rattle through the quaint old village, with its porched cottages, and its high peaked bridge where the squire's house stands, as it has stood for centuries, and where the vicarage sleeps beneath the shadow of the antique tower; and now they turn short to Westwood and are lost in the depths of Hart-Leap lane. The ascent is straight, and so precipitous that one wonders it is ever used by wheels; but its steepness does not impress you so

much as its profundity—the manner in which the roadway is sunk in the surrounding soil. It resembles a cutting on a railway, or rather, since the sides are perpendicular, a tunnel with the top off; only instead of brick, the walls are bright with wild-flowers and greenery, and surmounted by huge trees, whose roots threaten a high-seated driver with the same fate as befell Absalom from the branches. Neither space nor turn in the long vista affords room for so much as a mule to pass them, nor is there a gateway on either side through which the waggonette can be driven to leave the road clear for the descent of any other vehicle. As they breast the hill and get more involved in the depths of the lane, the two girls seem more and more to enjoy the situation; while their guardian, Frank (such is often the portion of our sex when the other is at high jinks), was straining eye and ear in the direction of the hill top, where the appearance of another vehicle would mean illimitable obstruction; they would become like two pellets in a popgun without a ramrod to push them out. They toil on till they are presently within a hundred yards of the summit. "Whatever vehicle comes now," thinks the charioteer, "the driver will see us and pull up and wait."

Maud was in the act of expressing a feigned regret that there had been no adventure, when suddenly there fell upon their ears a noise like thunder, and on the top of the hill there flashed clean out against the sky a waggon and horses at full gallop, and without a driver! What had put the animals to flight, there was no time to conjecture; it was not in the power of the frightened creatures to stop themselves, even had they been so minded. The steeds in the waggonette looked up in mild surprise at the approaching portent, and gently shook their heads as though it was a problem beyond them, why horses, not being urged by man, should come at that pace. But the humans—Frank and the girls—beheld a ghastly charioteer upon the driving seat which they could not see. De Quincey has painted for us Death on wheels in his stage coach adventure, but the peril in the present instance was far greater than that which he portrays, by reason of the extreme narrowness of the road. There was only one way of escape possible.

"Jump! Jump!" cried Trenna, and suiting the action to the word, she sprang from the seat of the waggonette at a branch above her, swung for a moment seeking for a footing, and then alighted in safety on the top of the bank. She had the litheness of an athlete, and not a little of his strength; a keen eye and a steady hand. But with Maud it was very different. The roar and rumble of the approaching vehicle, hardly visible in the whirlwind of dust created by its rapid progress; the clatter of the galloping cart-horses; above all the extreme imminence of the peril—for the waggon was now within a few yards of them, though their own horses had stopped—had paralysed her physical powers. She had climbed mechanically upon the seat at Trenna's cry, but there she stood, dumb and still as a statue, staring at the approaching doom with terrified eyes.

"Jump! Jump!" reiterated Trenna, in an agony; but the poor girl was panic-stricken and powerless to move a limb. It is the fashion, especially among those who despise the healing art, to talk of Nature as the Restorer; "leave all to Nature," "let Nature have her way," &c., &c., as though Nature had never the fancy to kill and not to save; nay, there are times (when she is "put out") when Nature is as a ravening she-wolf, and would rend the gentlest, limb from limb.

Since Fate would not spare her, and Maud could not help herself, it seemed that no human power could help her, for though Frank was strong, even for a Cornishman (who are for strength the Anaks of our isle), he was not a giant; nor was Maud one of those fairy-like maidens with whom a man can lightly leap across a brook, and hardly know that he is carrying weight with him. She was a young woman of "magnificent proportions," and five feet nine in her stockings. And yet we may be sure that Mr. Frank Meade had no more idea of leaving her to Nature's kind intentions than an experimental physician. To step from the driving-seat on to the waggonette and throw his left arm round Maud's waist was the work of an instant; then hugging her to his breast well filled with a fresh store of breath, he leapt not at the branch, but at the bank itself. It was the feat of a Titan, but he accomplished it; and not only that, but, though he fell, of course, he contrived the fall with such adroitness, that he took the ground first, so that she never touched it, nor felt an ounce of him above her. As they fell together there was a crash and roar beneath them, that told of the catastrophe they had escaped by a hair's breadth.

CHAPTER XVIII.

AN APPEAL

In a very few minutes there arrived help from the farm upon the hill whence the runaway waggon had started; the poor horses, grievously wounded by the encounter, were led away, but both vehicles, shattered by the shock which had, indeed, reduced the waggonette to lucifer-matchwood, were left where they were. Frank and the girls had perforce to continue their journey on foot, which they did in unwonted silence. In the presence of Trenna, Maud could hardly express the gratitude she owed to her preserver; but her tone and manner made it sufficiently manifest. She had always liked Frank, but, as she had hitherto imagined, more for her brother's sake than for his own. She had been no whit afraid of him, as she was of Kit, but had admired him less. The coolness, however, he had shown in the recent catastrophe, his gallantry, and not least, perhaps, the extraordinary strength and agility he had exhibited, filled her with quite new ideas of him. In her eyes he had suddenly become a hero. She had never been surprised at Mark's attachment to him, but she now wondered for the first time why Kit was preferred so much before him.

Was it because Trenna made a shrewd guess at what was passing through her friend's mind, and resented it upon her brother's account, or was it for some other reason that she felt displeased? She had no right to be jealous; indeed, if she had shown the same inability to save herself as Maud had done, Frank would doubtless have made the same exertions on her behalf; but jealousy does not go "by rights." She had certainly felt a pang—not of envy exactly, but of regret, or grudge—when she saw her friend in Frank Meade's arms. And after that agreeable experience, I think Frank himself regarded Maud with somewhat different feelings. At all events he felt an attraction to her such as all kindly natures do feel towards those to whom they have done a service. And at this Trenna made no guess, because she was certain of it, and the conviction afforded her anything but pleasure.

When Maud had been seen safely home, it was found that Mrs. Medway had thought an evening drive might do her good, and had gone out with the ponies; instead of waiting for the return of the carriage Trenna had persisted on pursuing her way home on foot, and of course Frank accompanied her. It was the first time they had been alone together since they had rowed up the river in search of the missing boat; and much had happened in the mean time. At first they talked of their late adventure, to which topic—though he was far from egotistic—the young man would have been well content to stick, for he had a presentiment that Trenna might introduce the subject of Abel Deeds, from which they had hitherto abstained by tacit consent. Nor did his suspicions prove groundless.

"I want to say a few words to you," said Trenna suddenly, and with great earnestness, "about this business at the Assizes." "We had much better leave that matter to settle itself, Trenna," was the other's quiet reply. "Your father has taken his own way, for which you are in no wise responsible; let the Law decide it, I

cannot argue with you upon the rights and wrongs of the question for very obvious reasons."

"I don't want to argue upon them, Frank. I am well persuaded that you are in the right and that papa is in the wrong. It is not that at all; what I am about to ask of you is a personal favour."

"My dear Trenna," he said gently, but with great gravity, "whatever you wish me to do, as regards myself or you, you may look upon as done; I think, indeed, I should have the foresight to understand your wishes, even if unexpressed, as I most certainly should have the desire to fulfil them. But this business of Abel Deeds is not my affair at all; it is a matter of simple justice. The man, in my father's opinion, has been grievously wronged, and he is bound, for our old Rachael's sake, to see him righted. Mr. Garston denies that he has been wronged—intends, indeed, if possible, to wrong him still further. It is clearly our duty, if the lad is innocent, to defend him; if otherwise, the Law will punish him, and your father will be justified."

"But you do not only defend Abel, you attack my father."

"Pray don't say 'you,' Trenna; do not mix me up personally, and without necessity, in this unhappy matter. That I sympathise with Abel is most true, but you must know—you cannot help knowing—what regret and pain it gives me to be obliged to take action in such a matter, to place myself in apparent antagonism with one so dear and near to you."

"Apparent?" she echoed, bitterly. "You call an action for libel an apparent antagonism?"

"We had no choice but to bring it, Trenna. If you compel me to speak plainly, Mr. Garston's obstinacy has forced that course upon us. I am afraid it will be necessary to place both Mrs. Medway and Mark in the witness box. Can you imagine that anything so painful and embarrassing was of our seeking?"

"I know, Frank, my father is in the wrong," returned Trenna, softly; "I acknowledge that if the case is to rest on its merits it must needs be given against him. I am pleading with you for myself."

"Yourself? Nay, Trenna, I cannot allow you to put the thing that way. What we have all striven to do from the very first is to eliminate you and Kit from the whole business; there is not one of us but understands that you have nothing whatever to do with it, but are as much the victims of circumstances as Abel himself."

"Put yourself in my place, Frank," she answered quickly. "Suppose my father were your father."

Here Trenna, notwithstanding her sagacity, made a mistake. We can go a great way with our friends—with a very dear friend often farther than we ought to go; but when they make demands upon our sympathy for their friends (especially if we don't like them) our ardour cools. The very phrase "suppose my father were your father" was objectionable to Frank; he could not picture, even for the sake of argument, the grim proprietor of the Grey House standing to him in the relation of a parent in place of the kindly Doctor, with his scorn of baseness and of greed.

"If I thought my own father in the wrong," he answered, though with a keen sense of the insufficiency of the reply, "I should not side with him."

"Nor do I side with my father," answered Trenna, quickly; "but yet I have some sense of proportion. Let Abel be righted by all means, but not in this Quixotic manner. It is surely not worth while to carry fire and sword into a friend's house to right a stable boy. Let him be exculpated, let him be compensated, by all means—if you will give us time, Kit and I will do that; but do not for his sake persecute us who have done him no wrong. Our home was not so happy a one before, Frank, that it needed such a Nemesis as you have brought upon it I do assure you."

"Oh Trenna, Trenna," pleaded the young man, deeply moved, for he knew that what she hinted at was likely enough to be the case, in other words that Mr. Garston, despoiled of his property, and disappointed in his scheme of vengeance, must be a terrible house companion; "every word you say pains me to the core. But what would you have me do?"

"I would have you drop this action against my father. I ask it not for his sake, but for my own. We have known each other for years, Frank. It is the first favour I have ever asked of you. You will not refuse me."

She placed her arm within his own, and gently pressing it; looked up at him with pleading eyes, in which the tears were visible. The strong man trembled at her touch, and melted at her tone.

"I would give all I have to serve you, dear Trenna," he answered earnestly, "but"—

"Ay, 'but,'" she answered bitterly. "There would be no 'buts' if Maud were in my place."

It was a bold stroke, and one which would never have entered her mind to use but for what had happened that day; moreover save for that her words would have beaten the air. As it was, Frank's cheek turned scarlet.

"There is no woman living whom I would more gladly please than you, Trenna; I had hoped you had known that."

His voice was so tender, his tone so earnest, that it was impossible to doubt the genuineness of his speech. Trenna herself was far from doubting it; though at the moment she would have given much to have been less credulous. She had drawn a bow somewhat at a venture, and the arrow, in one sense, had gone home; but in another it had overshot its mark. Her aim had been to attain a certain object, but by no means to draw forth an avowal of affection. The effect upon her was very curious. She turned pale and trembled, and gently withdrawing her arm from that of her companion, walked on in silence. Little did the young man guess what thoughts were occupying Trenna Garston's mind. She was definitely choosing for herself one of two roads in life; or rather between that path that one must tread alone, or that wider way which admits of two abreast. She had never seen a man except Frank Meade of whom she had admitted to herself, "I could be his wife," and yet she had never seriously pictured herself in that relation to him. She might or might not have done so under certain circumstances, but matters had been precipitated. She was like one who having been on his guard for years against a particular temptation suddenly finds himself face to face with it. For the moment she forgot the object of her walk (for she had seized the opportunity of being alone with her present companion with a certain well-defined purpose), and allowed herself a day dream. Then with a deep sigh, which betokened that she had come to herself, and certain stern realities, she answered calmly,

"You are very good to me, Frank, and always have been. Whatever happens I shall always feel that."

"Good to you! On the contrary, you have been good to me. For in your view, as regards all show of kindness, I am well aware there has been an obstacle."

He referred to her brother, whose jealousy of him in respect to Trenna had not escaped his notice. A pained smile flitted across her face in sign that she understood him.

"But nevertheless," he continued, "and as you say whatever happens, nothing will alter my affection and respect for you, Trenna."

She hung her head with a little piteous moan that went to the young man's heart.

"Good Heavens, Trenna! Can you conceive it possible," he cried, "that anything that has occurred lately—I mean concerning this miserable robbery—can affect you? Whatever decision may be arrived at next week at the Assizes will, at the worst, only prove

your father or mine in the wrong. I can understand that matters are very unpleasant for you at home. Heaven knows that I would mend that if I could."

"You can withdraw from the prosecution."

For the moment it here struck Frank Meade that she looked, or rather spoke, like her father's child. The same short swift retort; the seizure on the salient point; and the practical object pressed with more opportuneness than delicacy, brought the keen attorney to his mind in spite of himself.

"Surely not with honour, Trenna," he answered gently, "nor even with justice?"

"You talk like a book, Frank, and not like a man. Everything in this world, whatever it may be in the next, is a matter of comparison, nor is it the question, How much good shall we do by this, or that, course of action? but, How little evil? Is it wise to benefit one fellow-creature if by so doing we entail unhappiness on half-a-dozen others, or ruin on one other?"

"My dear Trenna," he answered smiling, "you are pleading against yourself. It is only poor Abel who in this case is threatened with ruin. On your side—that is, Mr. Garston's—the worst that can happen is defeat and annoyance. If your father will apologise and offer some compensation, perhaps even at this eleventh hour this unpleasant matter can be arranged. Come—here we are at your journey's end—let us have to-morrow some message of peace from the Grey House; and I will do my best—my very best—to carry out your wishes."

They were standing on the hill-top above Mogadion. Immediately below them was her father's house; they could see the attorney walking on his lawn with head depressed and his hands behind him.

"And that's all you can do for me?"

"Do not say that, Trenna; for there is nothing I would not do for you."

She sighed, and held out her hand. "I will not trouble you to go any further—nay, I had rather not. Here our ways part."

She only spoke the literal truth, for the road at this point forked; but her tone seemed to give her words a deeper meaning.

"You are not angry with me, Trenna?"

"No; I am not angry. Good-bye."

The tone in which she spoke again seemed to breathe a longer farewell than her words implied. And so they parted: Frank to walk slowly to the Dovecote, turning over in his mind what he should say to his father to induce him to meet the attorney half-way; for the Doctor was very bitter against him. "Since the man wants law, he shall have it," he had said, with an expletive such as he rarely used; but which, when he did use it, meant something. It seemed to Frank that, unless overtures should first be made from the enemy's camp, there was no hope of peace.

(To be continued.)



"THE GREAT MUSICIANS: SCHUBERT," by H. F. Frost (Sampson Low and Co.).—Schubert's claims to be recognised as one of the "Great Musicians" are now so universally acknowledged that it is difficult to imagine the time when, in his own country, he was looked upon merely as a song-writer, and an unsuccessful aspirant to the honours of dramatic music. Even in England it is within the last twenty years that we have learned to appreciate the best of his symphonies. It is not difficult to account for Schubert's failure to obtain recognition during his lifetime. He was overshadowed by the greatness of his contemporaries—in symphonic composition by Beethoven, in opera by Weber; and he was not so much neglected, or temporarily deposed from his rightful position through some powerful rival, as he was altogether overlooked. Besides the humbleness of his origin, and the consequent poverty with which he had to struggle, he was not endowed with any of those personal charms that are of almost inestimable service in advancing men in the world, and the advantages of which even genius itself cannot affect to ignore. He was not an accomplished man of the world like Mendelssohn, and he possessed none of the literary graces of Berlioz; indeed, beyond the domain of music he was nothing. Separated from his art the thought of him is unendurable; and in reading the meagre extracts from his journals and letters given by Mr. Frost we are irresistibly drawn to the contemplation of the description of the composer given by Kreissle, so much more naturally do these heavy and prosy platitudes seem to proceed from one answering to that unflattering and repulsive portrait than from the genius to whom we owe the B minor symphony. Mr. Frost has made the most of his somewhat scanty materials, and has done his biographical work well. It can scarcely be regarded as an enviable task; Schubert's singularly uneventful life is unattractive in itself, and his was not one of those intense personalities whose fascinating property it is to invest all things about them with that subtle interest which allures posterity. It is difficult to derive any sincere gratification from reading the narrative of such a life as that of Schubert, which appears to have realised the very *nadir* of dull, unexcited monotony. It is pleasing to know that he must often have experienced a compensating spiritual elevation in the heaven of composition. The round of his life in Vienna was of such unexampled dulness that it is inconceivable how he struggled through it, excepting through the consolatory aid of his genius. We must commend a useful chronological catalogue of Schubert's compositions.

Mr. Ludwig Verner Helms, in his preface to "Pioneering in the Far East" (W. H. Allen and Co.), says modestly enough that he is not qualified either by training or acquaintance to be "a scientific recorder of the wonders of the Eastern Archipelago." That is perfectly true, perhaps, but a certain merit and interest always attach to an unvarnished narrative of human experience, and the story of his five-and-twenty years of adventure in a romantic part of the world is well worth perusal. Much of his matter, doubtless, is anything but novel. We have read descriptions of California in 1850 by the score. On the other hand, however, some parts of the book are just now of especial interest. Of Borneo, Mr. Helms speaks with very full knowledge. He was intimate with Rajah Brooke, whose dispute with his nephew, Captain Brooke, has been so little understood. Mr. Helms, however, throws some light on a matter hitherto dark and uncertain, and he pays a just tribute of admiration to a really great and heroic spirit. The book is honest and sincere—which as things go is saying not a little—and its illustrations are very good of their kind.

We cannot say much in favour of "Country Sketches," by Finch Mason (A. H. Baily and Co.). It is one of those collections of pen-and-ink sketches of a bad, conventional type, with inscriptions intended to be humorous, but which are too often only vulgar. There is a sporting tone about them, doubtless, and one sees a good deal of the familiar country squire of "lark" tendencies, but the jokes are witless, whilst as Art the pictures cannot count for much.

In view of a Government inquiry having recently taken place respecting the grant of a Charter of Incorporation to the town and parish of Croydon, Mr. J. Corbet Anderson has written "A Short Chronicle concerning Croydon" (Reeves and Turner), which will be a welcome addition to historical and topographical literature. A most varied account, from the prehistoric times, through the Roman

and Saxon periods, to the present date, will be found. There are also descriptions of the parish church and the Archbishop's Palace, short biographic notes on the various lords of the manor, extracts from Domesday Book and the parish register, and brief manorial accounts. In fact, the work has been carefully compiled, and is as complete as can be desired. Without clashing with more elaborate treatises, it will be of interest to the general reader and valuable to the student for its trustworthy information.

In the little matters of domestic life much improvement has been made in Art during the last few years. Everyday we are more readily recognising its value in our surroundings, and endeavour to make the Useful also Beautiful where it is possible. Public exhibitions and Schools of Art have been invaluable in showing us the finest productions of the world, and have awakened a desire for improvement. In view of this Mr. Henry Fawcett's "Art in Everything" (Houlston and Sons), a reproduction of some articles which appeared in a contemporary magazine, is useful and entertaining. Although much that he says has been said before, it is well worth repeating. In some six chapters the author deals with our houses, streets, cities, the country, travelling, and fashion. The papers on decoration and fashion are most readable and practical. The little volume is suggestive rather than dogmatic, and will repay perusal.

"Royal Characters from the Works of Sir Walter Scott," selected and arranged by William T. Dobson (Bickers and Son).—An acceptable selection of Scott's royal personages has been formed as a series of readings, which will make a deeper impression on the young minds for which it is intended, than many volumes of dry facts and scientific theories. "Royal Characters" should awaken a desire to know more on this interesting subject. Its style is clear and simple, and the explanatory notes give great assistance.

Messrs. Wyman and Sons have published a practical and instructive little volume by Dr. Pearse, called "Modern Dress; and Clothing in Relation to Health and Disease," which should be read by all who desire to know the principle that should guide them in dress, and the evil consequences that follow the adoption of many of the prevailing fashions. One of the most interesting chapters in the book is that on women's dress, in which Dr. Pearse vigorously denounces such unbecoming absurdities as tight-lacing and high-heeled boots. If only a few of the valuable hints contained in the eight or nine chapters of this compact work were acted upon it is certain that the men and women of the nineteenth century would be, if not more robust, at least freer from the thousand and one little ailments which make the fortunes of quacks and patent-medicine vendors. But then the prospect of impressing the laws of hygiene upon the autocrats of fashion is, we fear, very small indeed.

A brief but interesting account of the origin of that successful periodical, *Chambers's Journal*, and many reminiscences connected therewith, will be found in "The Story of a Long and Busy Life," by W. Chambers, LL.D. (W. and R. Chambers). This little book possesses a certain interest, if only because it is the history of an up-hill and arduous career; and in the additions made to the present edition there is an account of visits made by the author to many celebrities of the age.

"Commercial Treaties and Foreign Competition," by C. Halford Thompson, F.S.S. (Hamilton, Adams, and Co.). This treatise on Fair Trade has been written to show what an injury has been done to our manufacturing trade by the Anglo-French Treaty of 1860 and others that followed it. The author has endeavoured to show the meaning of a real "Fair Trade" policy, which is certainly worthy of all the consideration that our merchants and politicians can give it.

"Gold and Silver Money," by Paul F. Tidman (Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co.). Mr. Tidman has in this volume given us a clear view of one of the most important questions of the day arising out of monetary science.—Shall gold and silver be the international standard of value? The Silver Question is freely discussed, and from the practical way in which it is treated will be found both simple and interesting. The author makes a most plain statement and answers all objections.

Miss Francis M. Savill is evidently unaware of the existence of such books as "Alice in Wonderland," "Through the Looking Glass," and Hans Andersen's "Fairy Tales," or else she would scarcely have produced such a dry and gloomy story as "May's Dream" (Shaw and Co.). If the author wished to write a book for children which would harmlessly amuse and delight them, she should have gone a different way about her work. At present she does not appear to have the remotest idea how to be bright and cheerful, and at the same time instructive. It is no easy task to write children's books, but our American cousins have caught the right spirit in the *St. Nicholas Magazine*, "The Nursery," and many kindred books and periodicals.

A description of some household pets will be found in Miss Eva Blantyre Simpson's "Dogs of Other Days" (Blackwood and Sons). The little book will no doubt be duly appreciated by those for whom it is intended, but cannot be of the slightest interest to others. The etched portrait of Sir James Simpson is about as bad as it possibly can be.

"The Improved District Railway Map of London" (W. J. Adams, Fleet Street) is clearly engraved, and will be useful, not only to country and colonial cousins and foreigners, but also to the cockney *pur sang*, who is often quite at sea in out-of-the-way parts of the "big village." We should, however, like the map better if the railway lines were not marked with such obtrusive boldness.

THE SESSION OF 1882

THE last act of Parliament in the Session which now stands adjourned was to witness the Royal Assent given to eighty-eight Bills. This appears to show that the Session has not been so barren as it has grown to be the practice to regard it. Of course a considerable proportion of this imposing array was made up of Railway Bills and private legislation. But there were some others of considerable public interest. Amongst these may be cited the Act to amend the Bills of Sale Act of 1878; the Scotch Entail Bill; the Irish Courts of Judicature Bill; the Allotments Bill; an Act dealing with Bills of Exchange; the Electric Lighting Bill; the Scotch Education Bill; and an Education Bill for Ireland; the Married Women's Property Bill; the Ancient Monuments Bill; the Post Office Parcel Bill; the Scotch Fishery Board Bill, and, last, though not least, the Arrears Bill. No one would claim for this list that it is an adequate result for a Session as laborious as that just closed, and which has beyond not much more than the new Land Bill to show. But, considering the peculiar characteristics of the Session, it is something to have even a few useful measures added to the Statute Book.

The worst feature about the addition is the manner in which these poor results have been obtained. It was only by extra efforts, made at the fog end of the Session, that anything whatever has been accomplished. The two Scotch Bills, for example, have got through only by favour of Saturday sittings, and the same remark applies to the Electric Lighting Bill. After five days' work, which regularly extended far into the morning, members were asked to sit again on Saturday, in order to get these Bills through. Previous to this much labour had been bestowed upon them. A Committee had sat on the Electric Light Bill, and with singular rapidity and completeness dealt with an enormous mass of evidence preferred both by the wealthy corporations who thought their interests were attacked, and by the promoters of new companies. As far as Scotch Bills were concerned, their treatment has a special interest,

as in some measure shadowing forth that delegation of duty which is one of the pillars of the New Rules of Procedure. Of the six hundred and forty members of the House, it is pretty certain that not more than the odd forty would take any keen or intelligent interest in Scotch Entail, or even in Scotch Education. Supposing the Committee came on in the ordinary course six hundred members would stop away, whilst the forty would remain and grind away at the Bill. The notion underlying Grand Committees is that an immense saving of time may be made, and at least equally good work accomplished, by referring such Bills in the first instance to the forty members particularly interested, who may in the quietness and privacy of the Committee Room thoroughly work out the Bill. It should be understood that the function of Parliament is not thereby abrogated. The Committee stage on both these Bills was taken openly in the usual manner in the House. But as all objections and arguments had been previously weighed and fully discussed there was little more to be said, and so the Bill got through. Some other of the Bills enumerated above have been squeezed through the House in the early hours of the morning, or hurriedly dodged through the bad quarter of an hour that lies between five-forty-five and six o'clock on a Wednesday, at which time Mr. Warton and Mr. Biggar reign supreme as arbiters of the destinies of Bills and the reputations of promoters.

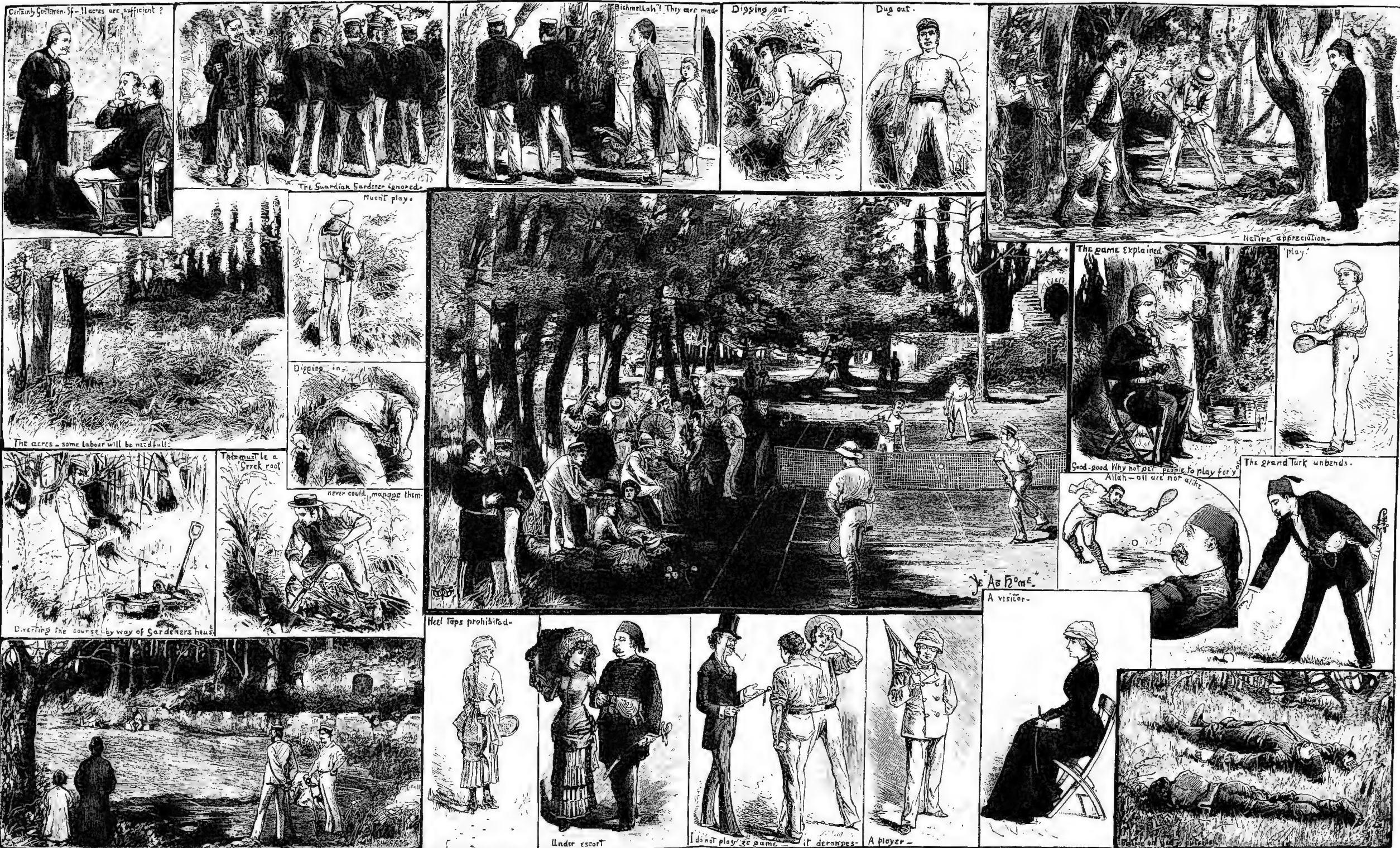
The principal feature of the past Session has been the total sacrifice of work to talk. When work has been done it has been accomplished in some hole-and-corner way, or by absolute physical pressure, at hours when the weakest and most easily fatigued must needs give way. At the opening of the Session Ministers presented a business-like programme, and it was announced that whatever might have happened in former Sessions this was to be the Session of work. The Queen's Speech opened with something beyond the conventional assurance that Her Majesty continued in relations of cordial harmony with foreign Powers. It was stated that the Greek question, so long threatening, had been closed "in a manner honourable to all concerned." Peace had been established beyond the North Western Frontier of India, and a season of prosperity was looked forward to in that country, which has since been more than realised. The trouble in the Transvaal had been settled by the ratification of the Convention with the Representative Assembly. Only in Egypt was there seen a cloud, then scarcely larger than a man's hand. At home it was noted that the condition of Ireland showed signs of improvement. As to legislation, Parliament was advised that it would be asked to deal with proposals for the establishment of local self-government in England and Wales, and the reform of the Corporation of London by extension of Municipal Government to the metropolis at large. Other Bills promised concerned Bankruptcy, Corrupt Practices, the Conservancy of Rivers, the Criminal Code, the Patent Laws, the Custom of Entail, and Education in Ireland and in Wales.

Of this long and imposing list nothing has been done save the passing of two Scotch Bills in circumstances already mentioned. Ireland, for which nothing was promised, has claimed everything, and once more has played with the projects of Imperial Parliament the part of Pharaoh's lean kine. How this came about is matter of recent history that has been daily dinned into the ears of the public, and scarcely requires recapitulation. From the outset the Irish Members declared open war against a Government which kept some of their colleagues in prison. The Ministry promptly accepting the challenge attempted to place themselves in a position to deal with obstruction by passing the Procedure Rules. On this commenced a contest which lasted several weeks, and scarcely made any progress. On the First Resolution, providing for the Clôture by a bare majority, the Conservatives joined issue with the Liberals, and a pitched battle was fought, which resulted in victory for the Government by a decisive majority. But this was merely the second reading of the Clause confirming its principle. Then came next the Committee stage, bristling with amendments. Before a pair of these had been cleared off difficulties cropped up on all sides, hampering the progress of the Government, and bringing about a state of things which Ministerialists regarded with dismayed forebodings. Mr. Bradlaugh was constantly popping up at unexpected times, leading to angry debate and renewed expulsions. A conflict with the Lords on their determination to reopen the Irish Question by appointing a Committee of Inquiry led to long delay and much acrimony of feeling. When these obstacles had been overcome, and when it seemed that if nothing else were to be accomplished during the Session the Procedure Rules would in some form be passed, came the great blow in Phoenix Park. The whole programme of the Session was, to quote Mr. Gladstone's words, "recast." Ireland occupied the sole attention of the House with the result of passing two fresh Bills, one for the Prevention of Crime, and the other dealing with the question of Arrears. Incidentally, the drift of affairs at this time led to the resignation of Mr. Forster, and a couple of months later Mr. Bright retired on the other question of troubles in Egypt, which had claimed their share of the time of the House. These things, or one half of them, are quite enough to make a Session barren. Some of them are regarded as accidents not likely to occur in future Sessions. But if they do not others may. What is wrong is the system, which practically hands the House of Commons over to the tender mercies of men like Mr. Healy, Mr. Biggar, and Mr. Callan. The past Session cannot be looked upon with satisfaction; but it has its uses as having finally demonstrated the impossibility of attempting to conduct the national business under the existing Parliamentary rules.



"FOR LOVE AND HONOUR," a novel, by Francis Addison (3 vols.: Tinsley Bros.), is ingeniously constructed upon a daringly original idea. One Sebastian Fleming, a hideous sort of dwarf, devotes his life to the destruction of his fellow-creatures, body and soul, by compelling them to commit suicide. He studies their strength and their weaknesses, and so manages that only by paying the price of his own life with his own hands can each several victim save the life or happiness of her or him who is dearest to him. The price is in every case set down in a bond, and the merit of this extravagant romance lies in the skill with which Mr. Addison renders the fulfilment of the condition practically unavoidable. We are left uncertain whether Fleming is a homicidal madman of genius, or a sort of fiend in human form—at any rate his proceedings are rendered interesting, no less by their curious ingenuity than by the effectively direct and cold-blooded style in which they are told. But in the dramatic force and insight, above all things necessary in stories of this unnatural kind, the novel is wanting. While curious as a flight of imagination, it altogether fails to achieve that mingling of the mystical, the realistic, and the grotesque which would have given it a really high place among works of fancy. But while none can be satisfied with the result as a whole, to begin it without reading to the end is equally impossible.

The author of "Commonplace," &c., has been happy in the publication of "A Strange Journey, or Pictures from Egypt and the Soudan" (3 vols.: Bentley and Son), just at the present time. An Egyptian novel was surely demanded, and it has come. Eva Fitzgerald and her twin-brother, through a series of family complications, live long enough at Cairo to have made it their home, and



LAWN-TENNIS AT CONSTANTINOPLE

accompany their father to Khartoum and the deserts and wilds of the Soudan to join General Gordon during the slave-trade war. All this is very timely, and it is amazing that the author should have used such subjects, and exceptionally intimate knowledge of them, merely as a background for a common-place love story. Life at Cairo and in the Desert are treated as nothing beside what Eva says to Wilfred or Percy, and what they said to her. Indeed we rise from the perusal of the book with a dissatisfied feeling that the writer could have told us much, and has deliberately preferred to tell us as little as possible. He, or she, should have left flirtation stories to authoresses who know nothing about anything else, and should have remembered that there is but one Egypt while there are ten thousand Evas. An opportunity has been lost, with every qualification for using it, which cannot again occur. The novel, however, is of average interest, and may at least be placed above the average of fiction.

Mrs. Francis Lean (Florence Marryat) used to be conspicuous among lady novelists for her unsparing hostility towards the male sex. To judge from "How They Loved Him" (3 vols. : F. V. White and Co.), a newly developed desire to imitate the happily inimitable Ouida, that no less unsparing satirist of her own sex, has considerably modified Mrs. Lean's opinions. She has depicted, it is true, one exceedingly bad young man, but he is well matched by a heroine who basely attempts to palm off her illegitimate child upon her husband as his own. Strangely enough we are supposed to sympathise with the sorrows of this exceedingly mean sort of heroine : for Mrs. Lean, though she makes out all her characters to be alike either odious or contemptible, does not seem to be aware that they are at all below the level of their fellow creatures in general. There are many other reasons for thinking that an authoress, once so full of high promise, has taken Ouida for her literary guide and philosopher. She has adopted the mannerisms as well as the topics of the school. Perhaps she is wise in her generation, though we should say few readers are likely to gain pleasure—which after all is the measure of popularity—from either the style or the topics even of a fashionable school when employed by one who has ability enough to warrant her in aiming high instead of low. What is conventionally called "strong" writing is really the exact reverse of strong. Mrs. Lean should lay this to her mind, while learning how to spell the word "Engadin"—a small matter in itself, but significant of the imperfect knowledge of all things, from the smallest to the largest, characteristic of her new school.

"Lady Beauty; or, Charming to Her Latest Day," a novel, by Alan Muir (2 vols. : Sampson Low and Co.), consists mainly of well drawn sketches of character, conveying the ancient but by no means out-worn lesson that beauty is by no means needful to make or to keep a woman charming. Lady Beauty herself simply "exists beautifully," as a famous æsthetic is supposed to have summed up the whole duty of man and woman, and in her case existence is quite enough to make her interesting. Her mother, an amiable sort of Pagan, is also a good study. The novel is well and brightly written, in a somewhat old-fashioned style appropriate to its purpose, and conveying some of the grace of what is now taken for the last-century manner. It is altogether a pleasant book, and is sure to be cordially liked by readers whose tastes are quiet and not too modern.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES

A USEFUL application of the electric current has lately been suggested by a French mining engineer. Hitherto, in mines where it is necessary to employ safety lamps, these lamps have been ignited at the pit's mouth, and in case by an accident they become extinguished, they cannot be relit without being returned to the surface. The engineer referred to, M. Hubert, lately demonstrated to the Hainault Society of Mining Engineers the possibility of lighting the lamp without unlocking it, and without any danger of igniting an explosive atmosphere surrounding it. For this purpose the lower part of the safety lamp is furnished with two tubes holding wires. These wires proceed to the lamp-wick, where they are bridged across by a thread of platinum. Directly a small battery is attached to the terminal wires, the resistance to the current offered by the platinum causes it to become incandescent, and the lamp is thus lighted. The battery employed is of the bichromate form, and, to prevent any spark on contact with the lamp, the zinc element is held above the exciting fluid until after the junction with the wires is complete. The pressure of a button lowers the zinc into its place, when the circuit is complete and the lamp is lighted.

Dr. Neale's chemical lung, or punkah, originally designed for use on the Underground Railway, has lately attracted some attention on account of its undoubted power in quickly rendering an impure atmosphere respirable. Outwardly it has much the appearance of an ordinary punkah, with the necessary attachment for swinging it backwards and forwards in the air; but careful examination will reveal many important differences. The cellular material used in place of the ordinary fabric is endless, that is to say, it passes over rollers at the top and bottom, just like an ordinary jack towel. The lower roller dips into a trough containing a solution of either caustic soda or potash, compounds which have the property of absorbing carbonic acid. The to-and-fro motion of the punkah works a ratchet wheel on the upper roller, so that the material is constantly moving over the rollers, and a fresh surface is being immersed in the purifying liquid. The contrivance is ingenious, and is most effectual in situations where ordinary systems of ventilation are inadmissible.

Dr. Keller has communicated to the Swiss Geographical Society some interesting notes relative to the migration of fish by means of the Suez Canal. It was at one time predicted that the interchange of fish between the Mediterranean and the Red Sea would soon assume large proportions, but this prediction has not been fulfilled. Specimens of the smaller Mediterranean fish have been found in the Red Sea, and for some unexplained reason the fish seem to travel in that direction in preference to the other. The most interesting circumstance noted is that the pearl oyster is slowly making its way towards the Mediterranean. Its progress is slow, but it is said to be moving in large companies.

The *Scientific American* records an instance of the application of dynamite to the breaking up of a huge mass of iron, weighing twenty tons, which previously had withstood all efforts to reduce it to pieces by means of steam hammers. The mass was sunk in a pit, and a hole was drilled in the iron for the reception of the dynamite cartridge. When this was exploded the mass was reduced to fragments. Bars of iron were placed over the pit's mouth to prevent any accident from chips.

A firm of engineers in Berlin have adopted a novel method of ascertaining the water level in boilers in the dark. The ordinary water-gauge is fitted with a luminous float and luminous marks. The float consists of a glass tube with shot at the lower part to keep it upright. At the top is the luminous mixture, a compound of Balmain's luminous paint and phosphate of soda, a combination which becomes phosphorescent at a temperature over 80 deg., without previous exposure to light.

M. Michelson lately demonstrated before the French Physical Society the principle of a new sensitive thermometer, which is said to be capable of indicating the thousandth part of a degree Centigrade. It consists of a kind of spring made of platinum on one side, and of eborite on the other. The latter material expands under heat more than ten times the amount that platinum does, therefore the least rise of temperature is recorded by a bending of this compound spring. An attached lever and the reflected beam

from a lamp which magnifies its movements are the remaining parts of this ingenious contrivance.

The Committee appointed by the Admiralty to report upon the causes of the explosions in ship's bunkers lately carried out an interesting experiment in the Medway. In order to ascertain whether ignited coal gas would fire xerotine sicative, a gunboat was fitted with a reservoir containing the gas, and some of the sicative exploded with great violence, and many of the timbers from the vessel were thrown into the air. It is considered certain that if the boat had carried gunpowder it would have led to its total destruction. As it was the vessel was set on fire, and it was some time before the flames were extinguished.

Captain C. W. Williams, of the United States Army, has worked out a system by which it is possible for a railway train in motion to send and receive telegraphic messages. Running along the track is a wire which is broken into lengths of forty feet. Each length is connected with copper rollers, which rollers are in contact with one another. The train is fitted with a telegraph office, from which proceed two metallic bars which rub against the rollers as the train travels along. In this manner electrical contact is insured, and the instruments in the car, whether telegraphic or telephonic, can be readily worked. It would certainly be a convenience in certain cases for a traveller to be able to communicate with his friends as he travels along, but it is a question whether the cost of laying down the plant would ever repay the shareholders.

The Committee of the Royal Humane Society have decided to grant silver medals for competition by certain selected public schools where swimming is looked upon, as it should be, as a necessary part of a boy's education. The competition will be open to all the boys, subject to the approval of the head-master, and will take place in the recognised bathing-place used by the school. It is to be hoped that this useful action on the part of the Society will call attention to the great importance of acquiring a knowledge of swimming. Year after year the "drowning" season comes round, and hundreds of lives are sacrificed that might be saved if their owners only had a little knowledge of the art of swimming. It is too much to expect that grown people will suddenly see the importance of learning to swim, but our boys and girls ought not to be ignorant of it. The Royal Humane Society by the offer of these medals has taken a step for which they deserve the best thanks of everybody.

The South Kensington Museum has been presented by the New Zealand Government with a curious specimen of native workmanship. It consists of a large wooden hut, ornamented with quaint carvings and human effigies, which has rather a curious history. It was originally erected in New Zealand to commemorate an expedition from that country to Hawaiki for the purpose of introducing into the former the cultivation of the Kumara (sweet potato). A crop of these edibles was brought back in a canoe which remained as a memento of the event for many generations. At last the little vessel perished from decay, and this house was erected in its stead. The carved and rather monstrous beings with tattooed faces, resplendent with colour, which adorn it, are intended to represent members of the expedition, who subsequently became renowned as heads of different tribes of Maoris. The house now stands in the open air, near the chief entrance to the Museum. We may mention that the nets, sounding gear, and apparatus generally employed in the *Challenger*, in her voyage of scientific discovery round the globe, are now being shown in the exhibition galleries at South Kensington.

T. C. H.

"TRISTRAM OF LYONESSE" *

SOME years have elapsed since Mr. Swinburne published, in the pages of different magazines, two fragments of heroic verse which were understood at the time to be preliminary instalments of a poem dealing with the most pitiful and terrible of all the romances in the Arthurian cycle. Those who could appreciate deep thought, joined to almost sensuous beauty of description, and embodied in rhyme of surpassing sweetness, recognised these at once—the Prologue, more especially—as being amongst the most genuinely worthy of the poet's utterances; and it may on the whole be said that the completed work, as now put forward, does not belie the promise of the samples. Mr. Swinburne shares with the author of "Jason" the rare gift of using the particular metre which he has chosen with sweetness and dignity, without lapses into the tediousness so apt to attend its employment in inferior hands; it scarcely needs to assert this fact to those who recall that most noble dramatic sketch "Anactoria," but in a more sustained effort, like the present, there might have been room for fear—a fear now, happily, proved idle. The introduction of an occasional Alexandrine is an ingenious device, which gives relief from monotony as well as adding, at times, to the force of the passage; it would seem, however, as if this was not wholly congenial to the poet's mood, and the lines are not invariably unimpeachable, e.g.,

So dense the dust wrought over them its drifted shroud,

wherein the cesura is decidedly awkward. The only other faults we have to find are to the violent mis-accentuation—for the sake of a not very excellent rhyme—of the word "handmaiden" at page 20, and the singularly false simile in the description, otherwise good, of the parting at Joyous Gard,

As hope's green blossom touched with Time's harsh rust.

Even granting that the bracken fronds may, by poetical license, be described as "bloom," rust does not invade the vegetable but the mineral kingdom. As for the story, Mr. Swinburne has for the most part followed with sufficient accuracy that version of the legend which is familiar to all of us from the immortal pages of Sir Thomas Mallory; where he has thought proper to diverge from his text the result is not invariably for the better, as, for instance, there is no gain, but rather an unnecessarily disagreeable touch, in the conceit of making Dame Brangwain a guilty participator in the lovers' secret intrigue. It seems to us also that much force is lost by the partial rehabilitation of the dastardly Mark, since the possession of a loving if cold husband deprives the heroine of sympathy to a certain extent. But herein it must be admitted that the poet follows only in the wake of the earlier narrators of the story, so that the fact asks only for record as a matter of artistic taste. The first four books may be attributed to the inspiration of the Yorkshire knight; after these Mr. Swinburne derives some of his most powerful situations from his own brilliant imagination, choosing for the final catastrophe the version favoured by Thomas the Rhymer from the Breton romances, viz., the world-old tale of the black sail and the white, fatal in many an instance, even before the tragedy of the father of Theseus. This was wise, as the incidents give infinitely more scope to the poet than those of the more familiar version utilised by Mr. Tennyson in his "Last Tournament." It would of course be impossible within our space to quote all the passages calling for special honour, and we must content ourselves with the enumeration of most of these, whilst extracting one or two more striking than the others. Thus, the fanciful identification of the months each with a tutelary heroine of romance is as dainty in conceit as it is well-nigh perfect in execution; the entire canto, entitled "The Maiden Marriage," is excellent in pathos, carefully avoiding the dangers inseparable from a somewhat risky subject; the delicious raving of Tristram on his death-bed, with the unheard comments of the neglected wife, are powerful to a degree—almost ghastly—forming a fine contrast to the previous description of the knight in his full glory of manhood battling with the sea, wherein is the very breath of morning; and perhaps finest of all is the

* "Tristram of Lyonesse, and Other Poems," by Algernon Charles Swinburne (London: Chatto and Windus.)

terrible prayer of Iseult in Tintagel, with its weird retrain of storm and sea. By-the-bye, why did Mr. Swinburne, since he has elected to use the British form of the hero's name, choose the French appellation of his heroine? One seems to know her so much better as that Isonde whose memory still lives in the chapelry of Chapel Izod by Dublin, founded, so says tradition, by her father for her soul's health. It may be noted that the least satisfactory book is that of "Tristram in Brittany," mainly consisting of a lengthy philosophical soliloquy utterly foreign to the character of the Knight of Lyonesse, however well it may embody the sentiments of his most recent chronicler. But let us quote one or two fragments; here is one describing the adventure of the Cornish queen with her Saracen captor :—

Awe
Constrained him, and the might of love's high law,
That can make lewd men loyal; and his heart
Yeared on her, if perchance with amorous art
And soothfast skill of very love he might
For courtesy find favour in her sight
And comfort of her mercies: for he wist
More grace might come of that sweet mouth unknissed
Than joy for violence done it, that should make
His name abhorred for shame's disloyal sake.
And in the stormy starlight clouds were thinned
And thickened by short gusts of changing wind
That panted like a sick man's fitful breath:
And like a moan of lions hurt to death
Came the sea's hollow noise along the night.
But ere its gloom from aught but foam had light
They halted, being weary; and the knight
As reverently forbore her where she lay
As one that watched his sister's sleep till day.
Nor durst he kiss or touch her hand or hair
For love and shamefast pity, seeing how fair
She slept, and fencelless from the fitful air.
And shame at heart stung nigh to death desire,
But grief at heart burred in him like a fire
For hers and his own sorrowing sake, that had
Such grace for guerdon as makes glad men sad,
To have their will and want it.

Or this, from the neglected Breton wife's frenzied soliloquy :

Nought, is it nought, O husband, O my knight,
O strong man and indomitable in fight,
That one more weak than foam-bells on the sea
Should have in heart such thoughts as I of thee?
Thou art bound about with stately strength for lands:
What strength shall keep thee from my strength's hands?
Thou art girt about with goodly guards and greet:
Whi t force may fence thee round as deep as hate?
Thou art wise: will wisdom teach thee fear of me?
Thou art great of heart: shall this deliver thee?
What wall so massive, or what tower so high,
Shall be thy surety that thou shouldst not die,
If that which comes against thee be but I?

Enough has been said to show that in "Tristram of Lyonesse" we have a fine work, every way worthy of one of the best amongst living British poets; it remains but to speak of the minor pieces. For "Athens" and "The Statue of Victor Hugo" we do not greatly care; the metres of the former are not particularly happy; and we are as wearied of the hackneyed denunciations of religion and order which it embodies as we are of the hyperbolic laudation expressed in the latter piece, in which also one epithet applied to the French poet is in rather more than doubtful taste. The sonnets, especially those on the early dramatists, are scholarly, but do not show Mr. Swinburne at his best, and it is difficult to avoid a feeling that the author is calling on the public to admire his singular acquaintance with the names of less-known playwrights. Of the lyrics, some—"Euthanasia" in particular—are tender and delicate to a degree; but charming in themselves as are many of the sections of "A Dark Month," the sentiment of the whole is somewhat exaggerated—death, rather than a separation, might have inspired such a lament. The exquisite short poems addressed to children will to many shallow or hasty critics be a new revelation, as showing a phase of Mr. Swinburne's character hitherto unsuspected by them; to those who remember his "Child's Song in Winter" they will bring no surprise. But let all who love children, and can appreciate true pure poetry, read such gems of verse as "A Child's Pity," "A Child's Thanks," "The Salt of the Earth," or, perhaps, best of all, the last lines of "Herse." Mr. Swinburne has seldom done his great gifts such justice as in this book, which will live, we prophesy, when many of his former works are forgotten.



MESSRS. ROBERT COCKS AND CO.—One of our leading composers of the day is John Francis Barnett, whose originality of ideas seldom, if ever, fails him. Two highly meritorious songs composed by him are, "The Star of Home," the pleasing poetry by Jetty Vogel—compass, from D below the line to E, fourth space; and "Outside," the words by G. Clifton Bingham, who has contrived to invest the much-worn theme of a child being harshly treated and dying of cold in the street with powerful interest. This song, of medium compass, deserves to win a good and permanent position in the musical world.—By the same poet are the quaint and cheerful words of "Durdham Down," which A. S. Walter has set to a charming melody.—"The Reason Why," a simple and pretty poem by Helen Burnside, has inspired G. Adelmant to an appropriate setting for a mezzo-soprano. This song may be recommended for the school-room and the family circle.—It is said that we cannot have too much of a good thing; at the same time, we cannot help thinking that there were already enough extracts from classical composers arranged for the pianoforte before C. T. Berton commenced his "Popular Pages from the Great Masters," of which we have No. 2, "Polacca," from Serenade in D, (Beethoven), and No. 4, "Entre-Acte," in B flat, from *Rosamunde* (Schubert). Both are arranged in a musicianly manner, and will prove useful for schools.

MESSRS. NOVELLO, EWER, AND CO., like most other publishers, are very dull this month. They send us a fairly good setting of Lyte's beautiful hymn, "Abide with me," as an anthem for even-song, by Alfred Allen, and a quaint little three-part song, "Haste to the Wedding" (A Country Dance of ye Olden Time), arranged by Frances R. Winter, who, with her sister Anna, has adapted English and Italian words to it.

W. H. ROSS.—Frances R. Winter has composed three songs of average merit, for the best of which, "To Our Guests," she has written the words, and introduced the refrain, "Cead Mille Failte," very effectively. "The Harp of Erin" is not so pleasing. "My Love and I," words by C. J. Hamilton, is a commonplace love-ditty for a mezzo-soprano.

MISCELLANEOUS.—"Marche des Herauts," by Arthur E. Klitz, is a showy pianoforte piece. The time is well marked. (Messrs. Swan and Co.)

A BEAUTIFUL GROTTTO has been discovered near Dorgali in Sardinia, by two young peasants who were seeking for water at the bottom of a deep ravine. Here they found fifteen natural galleries, containing the most curious formations, one gallery resembling a chapel, another a marble colonnade, while a third contains a deep chasm evidently leading to a similar grotto. The place is very difficult of access, but is considered to be more beautiful than the celebrated Grotto of Neptune in the same island.

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PHOTOGRAPH and a letter to Dr. Holman from General Garfield commending the Holman Pad to all sufferers from Liver and Stomach Disorders, will be sent free to any address on receipt of stamp. General Garfield believed the HOLMAN PAD to be the best Liver, Stomach, Spleen, and Fever Doctor in the world! Hundreds of thousands bear similar testimony! References in every town in England. Address: **THE HOLMAN PAD CO.,** St. Russell Street Buildings, London, W.C.

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AND BREATH.—A few drops of the liquid "Floriline" sprinkled on a wet tooth-brush produce a pleasant lather, which thoroughly cleanses the teeth from all parasites or decay, gives to the teeth a peculiarly pearly whiteness, and a delightful fragrance to the breath. It removes all unpleasant odour arising from decayed teeth or tobacco smoke. "The Fragrant Floriline," being composed in part of honey and sweet herbs, is delicious to the taste, and the greatest toilet discovery of the age. Sold everywhere at 2s. 6d.

GOUT and RHEUMATISM cured by the use of DR. LAVILLE'S CURATIVE LIQUOR or PILLS. To be obtained of all respectable Chemists, price 12s. per bottle. Be advised that persons with these diseases should read Dr. Laville's celebrated Treatise. Post free, 4d. **F. NEWBERRY and SONS,** 1, King Edward Street, London.

Address—**F. COMAR,** 28, Rue St. Claude, Paris.

LEATH and ROSS'S COLUMN.

WE DO NOT KNOW ANY REMEDY SO EFFECTIVE as NEURALINE in all cases of Nerve Pains. The following testimonials are at once a security to the public and a gratification to ourselves. Mr. G. D., of Co. Meath, writes: "I have been troubled for ten years with Neuralgia. I tried your Neuraline, and got relief after a few applications."

A SINGLE APPLICATION OF NEURALINE not uncommonly cures Nerve Pains of the most protracted and agonising kind, while it in most cases effects a permanent cure, and in all gives certain relief. Mrs. W., of Moyston, writes: "My daughter has derived great benefit from Neuraline in a case of severe and long standing Neuralgia." "I have recommended your Neuraline to many." M. C., Moorlands, Paignton, Devon.

THE GREATEST SUFFERERS from NEURALGIA or any Nerve Pains can obtain immediate relief and permanent cure by using the approved remedy, NEURALINE. "The bottle of Neuraline was perfectly marvellous, giving instantaneous freedom from pain when most acute."—J. R. B., of Ballymacool, Letterkenny, Ireland.

"THE INVENTOR OF NEURALINE DESERVES A NATIONAL REWARD." So says J. S. L., of Kilrhue, Cardigan, S. Wales, in a letter to the proprietors of NEURALINE, the approved specific for all Nerve Pains. "It is an extraordinary remedy. It has proved completely efficacious in a case of a dreadful state, and the person is now quite well."

IT IS NO VAIN BOAST, but an assertion sustained by facts and the increasing demand from all parts, that NEURALINE, as a remedy for all Nerve Pains, has no equal. Sufferers from Neuralgia, Rheumatism, or associated disorders of the nerves should use Neuraline. "Mrs. Jermyn Fraser requires two bottles of Neuraline for herself, and one for Mrs. N. L. of the Vicarage, Eimham, East Derham. Her maid was relieved of Neuralgia through Neuraline."

NEURALINE SHOULD ALWAYS BE USED for Nerve Pains. It gives instantaneous relief, and the greatest sufferer need not despair. A permanent cure is effected, and complete freedom from agony ensured without delay or difficulty. Mrs. T., Trinity Vicarage, Carlisle, writes: "I have recommended your NEURALINE in at least a dozen cases with perfect success."

NEURALINE, THE BEST AND SPEEDIEST SPECIFIC, curing all Nerve Pains, has received general approval. Mrs. M., of Leabury Vicarage, Northumberland, writes as follows: "Mrs. M. will not believe me when I tell her to send her a 4s. 6d. bottle of NEURALINE and ROSS suffered agonies from pain in the face, and the only relief she got was from the Neuraline."

ESPECIAL ATTENTION IS REQUESTED to the following most important and significant extract from a letter addressed to LEATH and ROSS by the Rev. C. K., of Eversley Rectory, Winchester: "The Rev. C. K. finds Neuraline allay the pain when everything else fails."

SLEEPLESS NIGHTS and RESTLESS DAYS altogether prevented, and relief from all nerve pains assuredly given, by the use of NEURALINE. The speediest and most reliable remedy. From all quarters, testimonials are constantly being received. "Nothing gave me even temporary relief from severe Neuralgia until I tried your NEURALINE. In the time required to penetrate to the nerve centres all pain was gone, and has not since returned." J. W., 84, Myrtle Street, Liverpool.

NERVE PAINS may be said to exceed all others in severity, and equally true it is that no remedy for them is so effective and speedy as NEURALINE. C. H. Irving, of Mansion House Buildings, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C., writes: "I have tried most advertised remedies for Neuralgia, but without relief, until I obtained your NEURALINE. The pain has entirely left me, and not returned."

FROM OSBORNE HOUSE, Alderley Edge, Manchester, Mrs. F. writes to LEATH and ROSS, Homoeopathic Chemists, 5, St. Paul's Churchyard, E.C.: "I am an excellent remedy for Neuralgia. My medical man often uses it. All sufferers from nerve pains should at once order a supply of this best and speediest remedy, which has stood the test of many years, and is daily more appreciated."

NO REMEDY FOR NERVE PAINS is to be compared with NEURALINE. This specific may always be used with confidence, as it is an effectual curative of the severest attacks, wherever situated, and relief is instantaneous. "The Neuraline relieved me from agonies." From C. G., 31, Titchborne Street, Edgware Road.

FROM ONE of many Testimonials the following extract, showing the wonderful excellence of NEURALINE as a cure for Nerve Pains, is confidently submitted to the reader. "Miss H. has found Neuraline most successful for face-ache, and has recommended it to many of her friends."

AVOIDING ALL EXAGGERATION, either of language or fact, NEURALINE may unquestionably be stated as the best, speediest, and most reliable curative for all Nerve Pains, however intense or of long standing. "Mrs. S. S. requests another flat bottle of Neuraline, same as last. It was quickly effective for curing Neuralgia in the instep."—Eastwood, near Nottingham.

A SIMPLE APPLICATION OF NEURALINE frequently effects a permanent cure, while it invariably gives immediate relief to all sufferers from Nerve Pains. "I have tried Neuraline for Neuralgia in the head, and it has been of great use." From Miss F., Pembroke Lodge, Bray, Co. Wicklow.

INSTANTANEOUS RELIEF TO SUFFERERS FROM NERVE PAINS is given by the use of NEURALINE, and in no case has it failed. As a certain and speedy curative this specific may be confidently relied on. "I have often proved the efficacy of Neuraline in cases of Neuralgia."—From F. J. S., Colnbrook Park, Manchester.

NEURALINE MUST BE TRIED to be appreciated. The testimony of all who have used this remedy for Nerve Pains agrees in acknowledging its extraordinary efficacy. Mr. Edgar, of Bute Lighthouse, Island of Lewis, N.B., writing to Sir James Matheson, says:—"Mrs. Edgar cannot express her thanks to Lady Matheson for the Neuraline. It proved the most successful lotion she had applied. The relief was instantaneous."

NEURALINE should always be used for Nerve Pains, as it is most effective, and gives immediate relief. "NEURALINE proved the most successful lotion ever applied."—Mrs. Edgar, Bute Lighthouse, Island of Lewis, N.B. Sir James Matheson, of Stormary, N.B., says, "Messrs. Leath and Ross are welcome to publish the testimonials to NEURALINE addressed to him."

ALL Nerve Pains, however Severe, are cured by the use of NEURALINE. It is invaluable as a speedy and certain-relief giver, and testimonials to its great excellence are continually being received from persons who have proved its efficacy. "Reference to a periodical pain in my head."—From Mrs. L. F., West Malvern.

NEURALGIA Instantaneously cured. Testimonial received by Leath and Ross from D. C., 6, Lynton Road, St. James's Road, S.E. "Having suffered from a child, a period over twenty five years, from Neuralgia, on the recommendation of a friend (who had previously been cured by it, I tried your NEURALINE. I was instantly cured by the first application, and have been free from the pain ever since."

THE Speediest and most Reliable Specific for all Nerve Pains is NEURALINE. Prepared by LEATH and ROSS, Homoeopathic Chemists, 5, St. Paul's Churchyard; and 9, Vere Street, W. London. NEURALINE is sold by all Chemists in bottles, 1s. 12d., 2s. 6d.; by post 1s. 3d. and 2s. 6d. Merchants, Shippers, and the Trade supplied, on the best terms with all Homoeopathic preparations.

ROYAL INSURANCE COMPANY, Royal Insurance Buildings, Liverpool, and Lombard Street, London.
 Extract from the Report for the Year 1881.
FIRE DEPARTMENT.
 Premiums after deducting re-assurance 1881, 324 13 6
 Losses 4394 748 3 9
LIFE DEPARTMENT.
 Premiums after deducting re-assurance 1881, 181 5 0
JOHN H. M'LAREN, Manager.
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Assurance against Accidents of all kinds. Assurance against Railway Accidents alone. Assurance against fatal Accidents at Sea. Assurance of Employers' Liability.
RAILWAY PASSENGERS' ASSURANCE COMPANY, insuring against Accidents of all kinds. The Right Hon. Lord KINNAIRD, Chairman. £1,700,000 has been paid as Compensation. Apply to the Clerks at the Railway Stations, the Local Agents, or 64, Cornhill, or 8, Great Hotel Buildings, Charing Cross, London. **WILLIAM J. VIAN, Sec.**

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 IN BLACKS AND ALL COLOURS AT SPECIALLY CHEAP PRICES.
 The wear of every yard guaranteed.

PIESSE and LUBIN'S SWEET SCENTS.—Opoponax, Jockey Club, Patchouli, Frangipanni, Kiss-me-Quick, and 1,000 others from every flower that breathes a fragrance. Sold by the in-honourable Druggists and Perfumers in all parts of the world.—Laboratory of Flowers, 2, New Bond Street, London, W.

SWEET SACHETS.—PIESSE and LUBIN compose every variety of SACHET POWDER the same odours as their many perfumes for the handkerchief. Placed in a drawer, erui, or travelling bag, they impart a grateful and pleasing perfume without being piquant.—LABORATORY OF FLOWERS, 2, New Bond Street, London, W.

CHARMING CRAYON PORTRAITS.—Send Photo and 10s. 6d. to A. and J. BOOL, Artists (from Royal Academy, National Medalist, 86, Warwick Street, Eimham, London, who will return photo with faithful Crayon drawing from it, 15 by 10 inches, post free, home or abroad. One Hundred Testimonials. Tinted Crayons, 2s. Water-colour, 2s.; oil, two guineas. LIFE size, highly finished crayon, 45 5s. Prospectus post free.

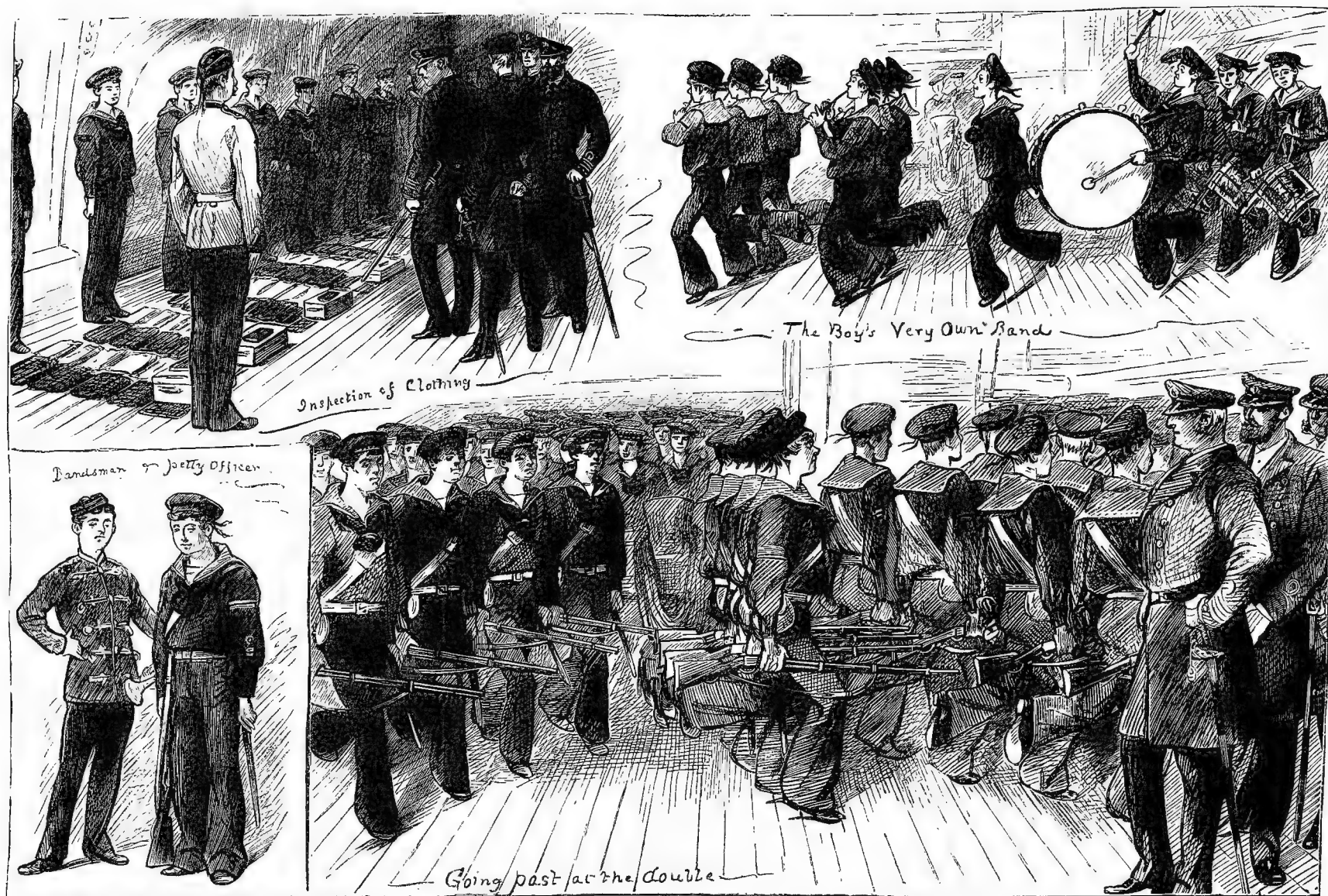
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 The attention of the public is respectfully directed to the great advantage of purchasing from the bona fide manufacturer at really wholesale prices for ready money, thereby superseding the ordinary storage of the 18-carat Gold Artistic Jewellery is made in the basement, where some of the most skilled goldsmiths can be seen at work. The Paris Gold Medal in 1878 was awarded for "Goldsmiths' Work and Jewellery in exquisite taste," and the Chevalier Cross of the Legion of Honour, and the Grand Diplôme d'Honneur, and Gold Medal of l'Académie Nationale, Paris.
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NOTICE.—GARDNERS' consequent on the extension of their Metal Trades are RELINQUISHING their ELECTRO-PLATE, CUTLERY, and CLOCK DEPARTMENTS. The STOCK of the first quality only is NOW OFFERED to the public at a DISCOUNT of 37½ PER CENT. from the marked prices. Descriptive lists post free on application.—Nos. 453 and 454, West Strand, Charing Cross.

TO MAKE A JELLY or BLANC-MANGE, Buy a Sixpenny Packet of **CANNON'S GELATINE POWDER.** This preparation is simple in its use, and perfectly pure. Directions enclosed in each packet. Sold by all Grocers and Oilmen.—**J. CANNON and CO.,** Manufacturers, Lincoln, England.

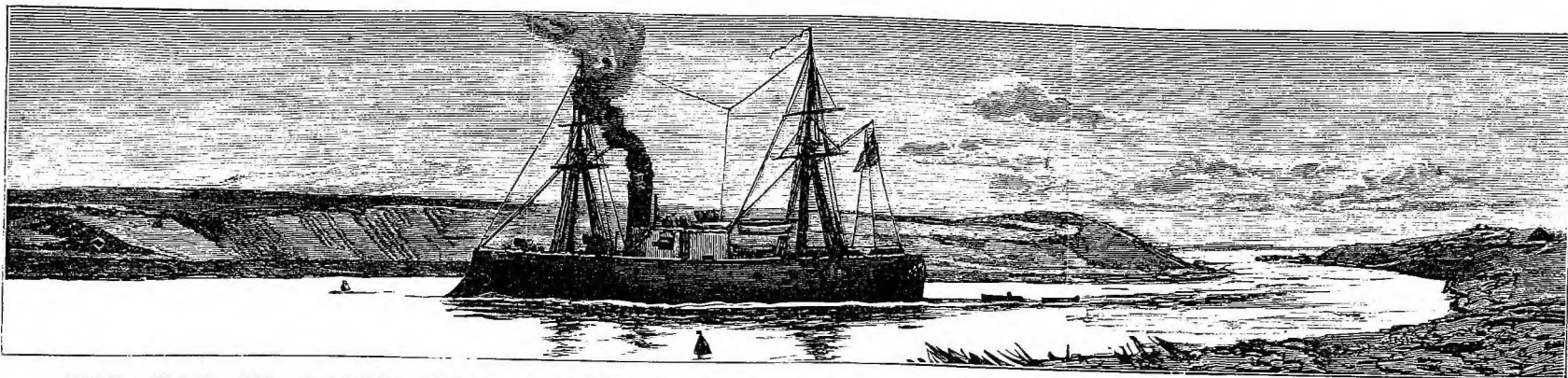
VALUABLE DISCOVERY for the HAIR.—If your hair is turning grey or white, or falling off, use "The Mexican Hair Renewer," for it will positively restore in every case grey or white hair to its original colour, without leaving the disagreeable smell of most "restorers." It makes the hair charmingly beautiful, as well as promoting the growth of the hair on bald spots, where the glands are not decayed. Particulars around each bottle. Ask your nearest Chemist for THE MEXICAN



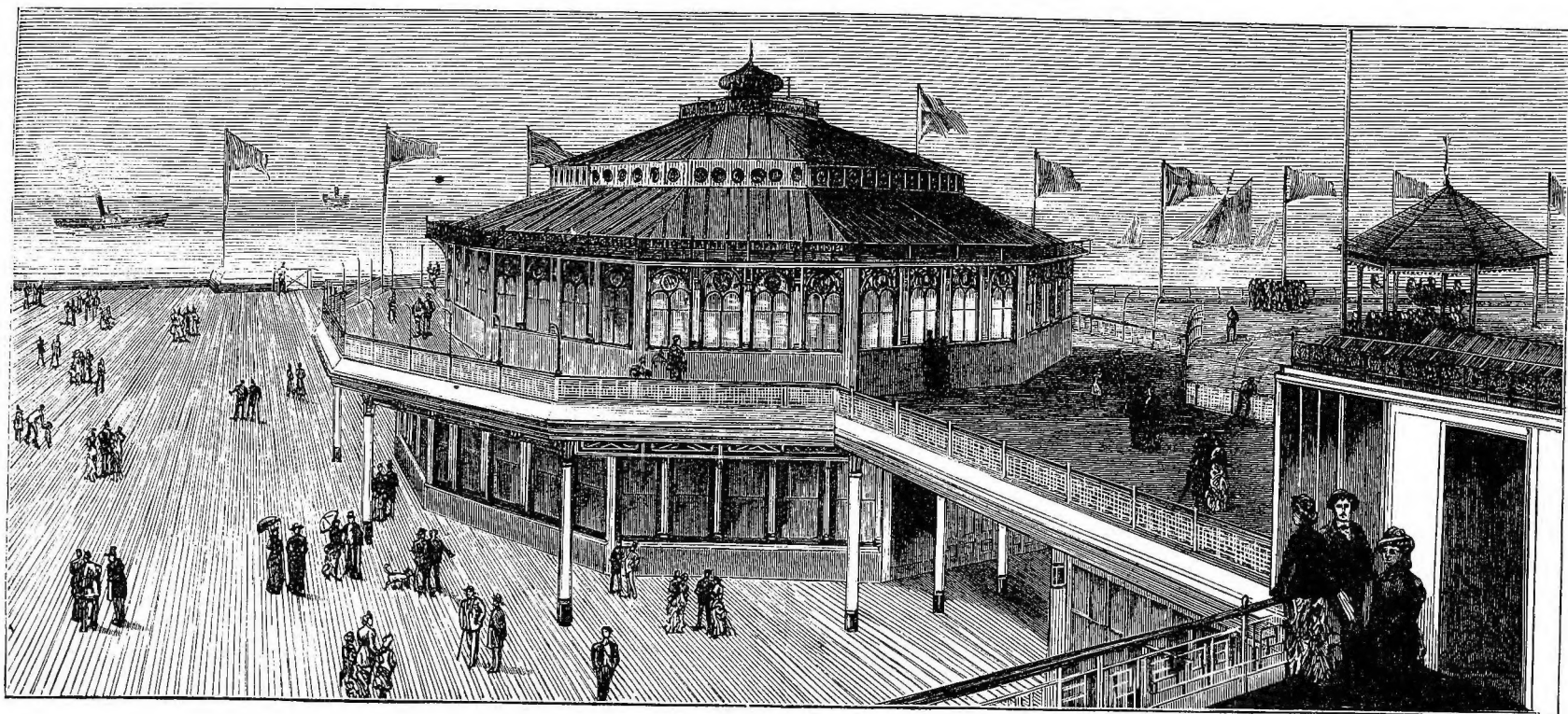
THE QUARTERLY INSPECTION ON BOARD H.M. TRAINING-SHIP "BOSCAWEN"



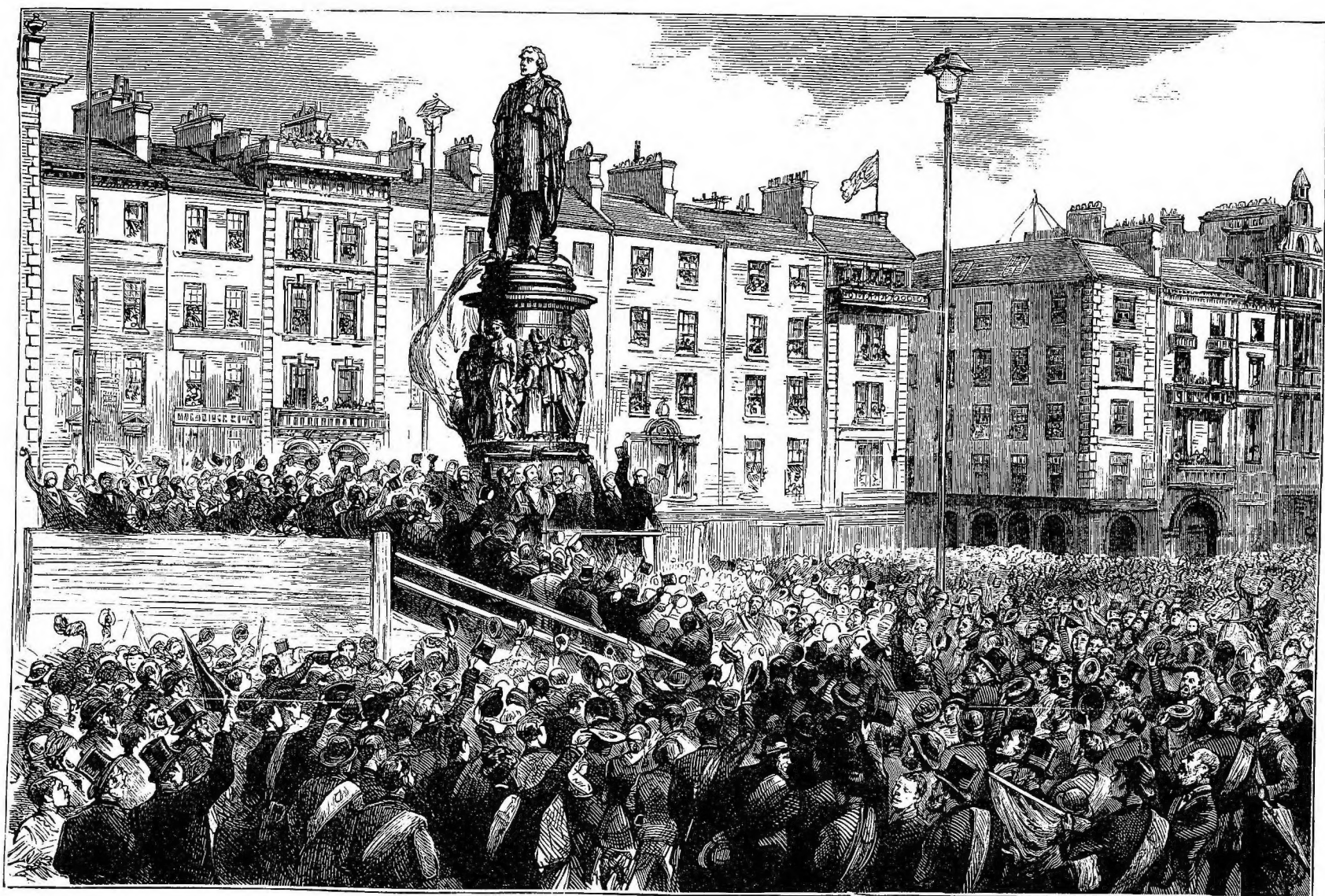
STARVING DOGS AT A TEMPORARY CAFÉ IN THE GRAND SQUARE, ALEXANDRIA



THE WAR IN EGYPT—H.M.S. "ORION" IN THE SUEZ CANAL ON HER WAY TO ISMAILIA



THE NEW PAVILION ON SOUTHSEA PIER



THE UNVEILING OF THE O'CONNELL STATUE AT DUBLIN

10d. per lb. The yield of milk per cow this year has been considerably over the average in quantity, but the quality, for some reason or other, has been poor. There is now a good demand for the better sorts of cheese, and butter ought always to pay. Draught horses are fetching exceedingly remunerative prices.

FOOT-AND-MOUTH DISEASE has broken out in Staffordshire, and the local Agricultural Society have had to postpone their Show. Over eighty spots within the county have been declared infected, and the greatest alarm prevails among the farmers of the Rugeley, Burton, Elford, and Lichfield districts.

STOCK SALES.—The high prices of Hampshire Down sheep continue to attract attention. On the 18th, 1,000 ewes and lambs were sold at exceptional terms. Mr. Pinnegar, of Dogdean, has sold his ram lambs at an average of 7*l.* 1*s.* per head against 5*l.* 9*s.* 6*d.*, the price obtained last year; while Mr. James Flower, of Chelmark, has made an average of 8*l.* 17*s.* 3*d.* against 5*l.* 1*s.* 8*d.*

THE DEAD HAND grasps 1,600,000 acres in England and Wales, 264,000 acres in Ireland, and 129,000 acres in Scotland. Out of every forty acres in the United Kingdom there is one which never enriches the revenue by succession duty, because the holder never dies. This we learn from a Parliamentary return, just published, and it suggests more than one economic question. Into these suggestions we cannot now go; but the fact is an important one, and sooner or later is sure to engage the attention of the Legislature.

YORKSHIRE.—There is a great influx of agricultural labourers into this county, but engagements are as yet rather slow, owing to harvest being somewhat late. Irish labourers are less plentiful than usual, and get 1*s.* to 1*s.* 6*d.* per week. Good labourers from Midland and Southern shires are taken on at 1*s.* to 2*s.* a week, with board and lodging, and men known as good workers from last year get quite 2*s.* a week above these terms. Strong youths are in demand at about half-a-guinea a week wages. The machines are already beginning on the wheat, and there is so little of it laid that they will have an unusually clean and extensive sweep. Oats are a most promising crop. The hay crop has been a large one, often of fine quality as well.

NEW FLOWERS.—The "Victor Lemoine" is a new *Begonia* which seems likely to gain favour. It is an erect growing plant, with small foliage, and its rosy pink flowers are produced in profusion, even on small plants. The "Zanzibar Waterlily" is not exactly a new flower in England, but it has still to win its way to an extended acceptance. Its large and beautiful flowers with their petals of fulvous carmine are extremely special, and the great gray-green elliptical leaves are also of considerable ornament in themselves. The "Duke of Albany" is a new rose of a glowing crimson, shading very deeply, and of a velvety lustre. We hope to see this become a good general garden flower. Other new roses worth mentioning are the "Lord F. Cavendish," the "Frettingham," and the "R. C. Sutton." The "Crown Daisy" recently brought over from North Africa is very lovely. The centre is intense yellow, and the creamy yellow rays are of a most refined tint.

THE KITCHEN GARDEN.—This is a good cabbage year, and the yield of peas has been unusually large and fine. Insect ravages have been comparatively slight. Why beans are so dear as they now are in the big towns we do not know; the country seems to have a luxuriant crop.

POULTRY IN CONFINEMENT.—Not every one who keeps poultry can afford his birds that run which he feels would be good for them. It is therefore desirable to ascertain which species bear confinement best. Experience tends to show that the three classes best fitted to live and thrive under these circumstances are the Houdans, the Leghorns, and the Black Minorcas. Houdans are a very useful breed, and they are very hardy, standing damp and cold soil better than any other sort of fowl. They lay very freely, their eggs are large, their flesh is very white and tender, they grow to a good size, and they are not dear to buy. Leghorns are really splendid fowls for laying, they are very hardy birds, and are not expensive either to buy or to keep. Black Minorcas are first-rate layers. They should not be kept where the ground is often cold and damp, but if only a very little dry and sandy soil can be given them they thrive capitally. The three breeds above mentioned are all very poor sitters. Brahmas and Plymouth Rocks, which sit well, bear confinement moderately.

THE COLOUR OF FLOWERS.—It is curious to note that while yellow flowers show no tendency to vary in colour, several white flowers show a constant tendency to become yellow. One white flower, the *Raphanus*, is yellow when found in places exposed to the sea breeze. The white stitchwort is yellow in the south of Devon. Red and pink flowers tend as often to become white as white flowers tend to become yellow. This tendency is especially marked in the *Malva* tribe. It is to be observed of these natural tendencies that they greatly affect the ease or difficulty of cultivation. Thus, to get a red flower of a white hue, or to obtain a yellow from a white species, is far easier than to make a yellow flower white, or develop red in a flower which lacks that tint. Blue flowers tend to develop red and white varieties, more usually the latter than the former. Such blue flowers as the campanula, the violet, the columbine, the larkspur, and the *Phyteuma* are well known in their white varieties; even the dark blue monkshood is occasionally found of a white hue.

MISCELLANEOUS.—A new and improved railway to Bourne-mouth is being locally projected.—We regret to notice that the flower borders in Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens are very irregular and untidy. Mr. Shaw Lefevre has gained a reputation for his admirable management, but criticism remains in town even during August, and the odd three millions still in "empty London" cannot afford to lose the pleasant sights well-kept parks should afford up to the time of the first frosts at least.

MORE ABOUT THE DUBLIN EXHIBITION

LAST week the Irish were for once a united people; simply because the other party had effaced itself, as the Legitimists used to do when Paris was keeping some national holiday. Practically all Dublin was *en fête*, with weather as good as if it had been ordered on purpose. The crowded trams, the rattling cars (those "Welsh sets," which have caused such a paper war because they are Welsh and not Wicklow, do make it a desperately noisy city), the throng in the streets, the patriotic bands every now and then (one of them which is always turning up is a troop of urchins, who keep excellent time to a rusty old tea tray and a collection of battered meat tins; and who march about for the love of it, neither seeking nor getting pence), the green flags alternating with star-spangled banners, the wreaths and devices across even the poorest streets, the boys orating on the platform round the O'Connell Monument, all this, along with a sort of Fourth of July or Fête Napoléon look in every face, would show you there was something going on, even if you were only driving from one station to another.

That group round the Monument is a peculiarly Dublin amusement. A lot of lads brim full of fun and excitement, putting forward speaker after speaker, now mimicking the phrases and catch words of the House, now becoming demagogues, and appealing to the feelings of the crowd below. This went on night after night, for the platform took a good deal of disjuncting; and to watch the faces of the onlookers, and see how high and low, young and old, entered into it and laughed like pleased children at the boys' jokes, was a deal better than most plays.

And now for the Exhibition. They're all much like one another. Here as usual there is a glass and iron nave, only 250 feet long;

but there are side rooms, and there is also the room which gave the name of Rotunda to the old hospital. The building is complete, except a little decoration; and that it is so is the greatest wonder of the whole; there were just three months to do everything in, and the irregularities of the ground caused difficulties as to levels from which other buildings of the kind have been free. In the morning there is no concert, and the great attraction is the machinery annex. How strange it is that ladies are so drawn to look at toothed wheels and cranks and all the instruments of that power which is shaping modern civilisation. Here you see that everything, from a steam borer to a toy locomotive, can be made in Ireland, and looks just as good as if it was stamped with some well-known Leeds or Glasgow name. Hopson's tobacco spinner is the popular engine; the announcement that this queer-looking machine saves 25 per cent. wrapper leaf seems to act on the crowd like a spell. Of course carriages have long been a Dublin speciality; there are makers here who can give points to the best man in Long Acre.

Above the carriages is the Art Gallery—far from complete (you see statues in cases, and half unpacked pictures, if you peer into side rooms). The catalogue doesn't help you; there's to be a new edition next week. Fortunately the labels are still on the pictures. How different from Dargan's Exhibition of '53, when the indefatigable Secretary, Sir Cusack Roney, not only got together treasures from the Irish big houses, but also from Continental galleries. That was one of the finest loan-collections ever seen; this is almost wholly a gallery of contemporary Irish Art. There are a few historical pictures,—Catterson-Smith's "Queen Victoria," and his "O'Connell as Lord Mayor in 1842"; Barraud and Hayter's Irish House of Commons; Sir Thomas Lawrence's "George IV.," (reminding us of Byron's bitter line: "Though Ireland starve, great George weighs twenty stone"); MacClise's King Cophetua, looking like an Irish *ardagh* among his kernes, belongs also to a bygone day. O'Hea's "Punchestown" is an Irish "Derby Day," "High Sheriff Gray," by the President of the Royal Hibernian Academy, is a wonderful likeness; it was a presentation picture to him who was the chief worker in that Mansion House Fund, the need for which some Irish people still have the hardihood to deny. Murphy's "O'Connell at Clifden" is another bit of history; so is "Father Mathew," with his beautiful pleading face, offering the pledge to a man whom his wife and son are tearfully urging to take it. The landscapes will astonish those who perhaps don't even know that there is an Irish school. There is very little rubbish either among them or among the *genre* pictures. Those who have studied the sea for themselves should look into Vincent Duffy's study of "Rollers just on the break" (1323), small and hung low, and also into Charles Stuart's "Kelp Gatherers," a really notable picture, where the sunset on a sandy coast shines through and between the transparent waves. The former artist's "Dargle in Flood" renders bog water and foam and scrub oak and clay-slate rocks with great truthfulness. Grey's "Kylemore" brings out that well-known feature of Connemara scenery, the shadows of the mountains in the still water, but it fails to give the mountain tops that glistening look which the mica slate mostly has if there is any sun at all. The statuary is nearly all by the two Farrells; Foley's casts, bequeathed to his country, are still in London, waiting for funds to free them from the Saxon's grip.

Look down from the gallery, and your eye is caught at once by Pim's big case of poplins, brocades, and matelassé stuff for costumes. It is a joy to any one with an eye for colour. Nor is Arnott at all behind, nor Todd, Burns, and Co. These firms have bought up the frizzes, tweeds, &c., of a dozen or more mills, from big men like Mahony or Blarney to little men like Michael Power of Linniscorthy. They all hang out "Everything in this case is Irish material." I am sorry to say this is not so with all the Dublin shops. Attracted by a very Irish name, I went into a tailor's, and was shown Bradford tweeds ("Forster's own"), and Galashiels and Shetland; and when I asked for Irish, after much search some very coarse stuff was discovered, and I was told "If I wanted Irish I must wear what every peasant wears," as if I hadn't worn Blarney tweeds for years, and as if they and Athlone and Kilmaiden and many more were not as well finished as the choicest Scotch. Coat, riding habit, costume, and trimmings—you can get it all of real Irish produce. You can even get Irish calico at Greenmount, near Dublin. Fireproof safes, brushes, sweetmeats (such a grand bride-cake from Limerick), starch, pins, blue paper bags, everything from a pound of soap to Telford's monster organ can be got, and of the very best, of genuine Irish manufacture. Belleek ware is too well known to need a word from me; but not every one who has admired the dainty *naur* knickknack, or the delicate afternoon tea-set, knows that you can get your chamber ware and your dinner-service from Belleek, no matter how plain your pocket may make it needful they should be. If Irish housewives would replace breakages with Belleek goods and with none other; and if Irish geologists would find out the proper clays and *kaolin* in other places, we might soon have half-a-dozen Belleeks. Bog oak ornaments everybody knows; but at Killarney they have supplemented that industry with work in arbutus (root and stem) which rivals the very best Tunbridge ware. Some of their davenport and folding tables are very beautiful; but they forget (as Irish manufacturers, not yet experienced in catering for the general market, often do) that what pays is the little things which attract the casual lounge. They send in costly pieces of furniture; and if these are not sold they complain that the Exhibition is all nonsense, forgetting that a thousand paper-knives are far easier to dispose of and leave far more profit than one inlaid cabinet. It is no use asking why the great Belfast houses are not here. Some of them are; and there are firms from Lisburn and other northern towns. But when the Exhibition was being discussed the Irish were a divided people.

I do hope that what I heard from a Scotchman, who vouched for its truth, is nevertheless untrue. The traveller (he said) of a great Belfast firm called on a Manchester House, and was going to show his samples. "Stop," they called out, "have you anything in this Exhibition?" "No, and we don't mean to." "All right, but if you had you shouldn't have unpacked a single thing." I trust that isn't true, for England can well afford to say "good speed" to Irish manufacture. To put it on the lowest ground, it must pay better than forcing them to send round the hat every now and then. One needn't go so far as the *Irish Manufacturers' Journal*, which says: "We have failed as farmers, we are not an agricultural race; once shake the dust of the barn off our feet, and give our people genuine profitable industrial employment, and in one decade the face of the country will be changed." One may think this rather Utopian; but certain it is that Ireland has water-power, cheap labour, everything except a market. Her absentees draw over five millions a year out of the country; but she pays yearly more than four times that sum for things which she might every whit as well make for herself. Don't let her make shams or use shoddy; what she does make now is good; and there is an increasing number of people who are at last learning that rubbish is never cheap at any price.

Just now the idea has taken much hold of the people's mind. Nothing like it since Hungary started into life, and Kossuth was to the Magyar what Parnell is to the Irishman. The thing is not to let it cool down. Now we go to the grill-room to eat "Irish produce," as if there was any fear of an invasion of English beef or mutton. Now a draper who a year ago would commend his choicer goods as English, not only says he sells only Irish fabrics, but ostentatiously labels the case in which he shows them as "Made of Irish Woods." It must not be a flash-in-the-pan, all this excitement, but a steady fire to burn up the memory of old wrongs, and to warm united effort into successful life. But I'm forgetting the

Round Room. It is as interesting as any part—work from industrial and convent schools chiefly; poor Artane being cut out, owing to the disastrous fire. Such lace, such vestments (come and study them, ye Ritualists), such patchwork quilts by baby fingers, such natty harness by the deaf and dumb boys of Cabra, such tasteful furniture and spirited wood-carving by the boys of St. Patrick's Reformatory, near Cork. If I had to deal with the boy who made this pulpit I'd put him under the best of masters, and let him ripen in the first fruits of an Irish school that should do all the wood-work which will be increasingly wanted as people learn that it is not a sin for the House of God to be beautiful. May this Exhibition draw all together; work for God's poor is surely common ground.

HENRY STUART FAGAN



COCK-FIGHTING.—The gentlemen of Wales, whose sport was so unpleasantly interrupted last week through the indiscretion of one of their own company, have not suffered very heavily after all. The prosecution, after some lively fencing with reluctant witnesses, decided to press the charge only against two, of whom one was the practical joker who had caused the discovery, and the magistrates inflicted a fine of 2*l.* with costs. Considering that the so-called "sport" had gone on for a summer afternoon, the penalty scarcely seems commensurate with the sternly-expressed determination of the Bench "to put a stop to scenes of this character for the future."

ORGAN-GRINDERS AND THEIR MASTERS.—Summonses brought by the police under the Common Lodging House Act against five of the employers of Italian organ-grinders broke down in the case of four of the accused, though the charges of dirt and overcrowding were undeniable, on the technical ground that the inmates of the houses were not lodgers, but servants of the *padrone*. The magistrate, while obliged to dismiss the summonses, expressed his opinion that the Inspector of Nuisances would do well to inquire into the matter.

CORONERS' JURIES.—It is not apparently always an advantage to live within easy reach of a coroner's summoning officer. Such seems to be the fate of Alderney Street, Pimlico, if we may judge from the complaints of a jury at an inquest the other day at St. George's Hospital. One stated that he had served on thirty-six inquests in five-and-twenty years. Another that he had been in attendance at the law courts all the week, a "serious matter for a working man." In the end the jurors left the court in somewhat discontented and tumultuous fashion.

COACHES AND BICYCLES.—At the Cuckfield Petty Sessions the proprietors of the Brighton Coach agreed to pay 5*l.* towards the expenses of a suit brought by the Bicycle Union against their guard and coachman for keeping the wrong side of the road, when Mr. Chapman, a bicyclist, tried to pass. The rule of the road, it was decided, holds good for bicycles as for any other wheeled carriage.

EXTRAORDINARY TITHES.—At St. Mary Cray, on Saturday, a public sale, under distraint, to recover tithes from Mr. William Smith, was attended by a large number of the neighbouring farmers. A cow, put up for auction, was bought in for Mr. Smith, and the expenses incurred in collecting the tithe were covered by a subscription on the spot.

ILLICIT DISTILLERS IN SOUTH LONDON.—A series of prosecutions, last week, at the Lambeth Police Office, for offences against the Excise laws, resulted in the infliction of very heavy penalties. A commission agent, who had assisted one illicit distiller to remove spirits on two occasions, was sentenced to a fine of 700*l.*, or eight months' imprisonment, and a warrant issued, as he did not appear, for his commitment.

VEXATIOUS PROSECUTIONS for the unauthorised performance of musical compositions will henceforth be numbered with the past. By the new Act no penalty can be recovered unless a notice that the right of performance is reserved appears on the title-page of every published copy.

TEA CULTIVATION has been tried in New Zealand lately with great success.

STORMY WEATHER has brought Mr. Gladstone's yachting trip to a premature close. He is now staying with Lord Wolverton at Yverne Minster.

THE WOMEN'S RIGHTS MOVEMENT prospers in Iceland, where a law has just been passed, allowing women to vote in the elections for the Municipal and Church Councils.

DR. SCHLIEMANN claims to have found Paris's famous Palace at Troy, described in the sixth book of the "Iliad." This palace consisted of a number of buildings, but as yet the energetic explorer has only found two of these—both temples.

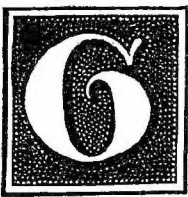
QUEEN ELIZABETH OF ROUMANIA'S success in literature, under the name of "Carmen Silva," has induced her to try more ambitious work. She is now writing a drama to be brought out next winter at one of the Berlin theatres.

THE INFLUENCE OF COOKERY ON POLITICS AND SOCIETY has been energetically discussed by a Congress of Cooks in Paris, who contend that the culinary art affects the progress of mankind and the affairs of nations far more closely than the sister arts of literature, painting, &c. In order therefore to improve the state of the profession, an International Culinary Union has been established, which now numbers over 1,100 members, and will hold a grand Cookery Exhibition in the autumn.

SILVER AND GOLD MUSHROOMS are the newest emblems of good luck in France, and have completely supplanted the different animals so long adopted as *porte-vieilles*. The charm first appeared during the race-week at Deauville, where, by-the-by, it has been fashionable this season to wear the most brilliant-coloured toilettes. Red is the favourite hue, reproduced in every shade from the deep "Titian" to the glaring "Horse Guard" and the pale "Nymph-pink." "Amber Beer," "Punch-flames," and "Melting Gold" are other curiously-named tints.

THE OLDEST NEWSPAPER IN THE WORLD is the Chinese journal *King-Pau*, or *Capital Sheet*, which was first published at Peking in the year 911. For nearly two centuries and a-half the paper only appeared at irregular intervals, but since 1351 it has been published weekly until the present year. Now the *King-Pau* comes out thrice daily, the two first editions being printed on yellow paper and devoted respectively to business intelligence and to fashionable and general news, while the third, on red paper, is a condensation of the earlier editions, and is intended for provincial circulation.

ADDRESSING a meeting at Derby last week Mr. Bradlaugh boasted that at present he had all the privileges of a member except the right to speak and vote: he received all notices and papers, and the other day, when strangers were ordered to withdraw, he, not being a stranger, was the only person besides the Speaker who remained when the House was cleared for a division. All this, however, does not prevent Mr. Bradlaugh from appealing earnestly to his friends throughout the country to bring all possible pressure to bear on members, in view of his next attempt to claim his seat, at the Autumn Session.



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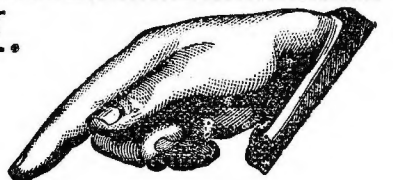
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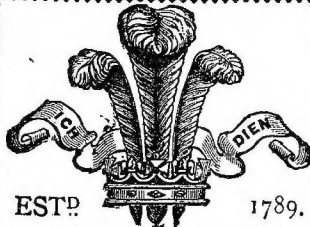
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The Palace of Urbino.
The Literary Restoration, 1790—1830.
Moslem Pirates in the Mediterranean.
Moors and Forests of the North.
Great Men's Relatives.
No New Thing. (With an Illustration). Chap. XII.—Philip Exemplifies a Theory. Chap. XIII.—Mr. Bruce Gets his Harvest in.
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